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THE IMPERTINENCE of our naturalization courts has never been better illustrated than in the case of Madame Rosika Schwimmer, well known author and lecturer, who wants to become a citizen of the United States. Judge Carpenter, dean of federal district judges, before whom she appeared to be granted her final citizenship papers, denied her petition. Having ascertained that she was both an "unqualified atheist" and a pacifist, his Honor put to her this pretty little fiction: "If you were a nurse, caring for a wounded American soldier, and observed an armed enemy approaching, would you take up a pistol and shoot the enemy?" To this bit of nonsense, which Madame Schwimmer was kind enough to consider seriously instead of informing the judge that his question was irrelevant and immaterial, the answer was: "No." Madame Schwimmer added that she would warn the "wounded American soldier" of his danger, and that she would throw herself on the "armed enemy approaching" in an attempt to disarm him. "I would not kill a man even if he tried to kill me," she said. Judge Carpenter would doubtless be one of the last to deny that this was a Christian country; but he is not willing to suffer Christian sentiments from a professed atheist: "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you . . . resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." Surely Judge Carpenter has heard those words before; it is perhaps just as well that the man who spoke them first is not seeking to become a citizen of the United States.

CARTER GLASS is on the war-path against the State Department's policy of supervising private loans to foreign governments and corporations. The practice grew up in Mr. Hughes's day of "requesting" American investing houses to submit their proposed loan contracts to the State Department, objecting to some and giving the others a form of indorsement. The objections may have been sound; but the procedure was both extra-legal and dangerous. *The Nation* some years ago exposed one banking house which assured investors that the State Department would hardly give its approval if it were not ready to use gunboats in the future as it has used them in the past; and since then the Department has been diligent in asserting that its approval involved no promise of protection. The implication, of course, remained; the policy smelled like the pre-war European custom of using private loans as instruments of political aggrandizement and gave indorsed loans a better chance with investors than unindorsed domestic loans. Some of the State Department's actions, also, have shown plainly that it meant to use its powers as a form of diplomatic pressure. Mr. Glass points out these dangers; he also insists with cogency that the Department of State

> has no more right to prohibit the sale of American credits abroad by the National City Bank, the Chemical National Bank, or the house of Morgan, or all these combined, than it has to favor or veto the sale to the European trade of the products of General Motors, the United States Steel Corporation, Henry Ford, or any other private concerns in this country.

FOR IMPUDENCE, sheer and unadulterated, of the most unblushing kind the first prize goes without question to Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. This is the gentleman who is just now attacking Governor Smith and laying at his door the misgovernment of the city of Albany—although the Governor is the Governor of New York State and not the Mayor of Albany—and threatening that if he does not get a categorical answer in the next week he will make still further revelations and carry them right to the Governor's door. Now the man who says this is the same young gentleman who was the Assistant Secretary under Edwin Denby when the Navy Department consented to turning over the Teapot Dome and Elk Hills naval reservations to Messrs. Doheny and Sinclair, both of whom have been found guilty by the Supreme Court of having corruptly acquired these great resources. It has been alleged on Roosevelt's behalf that he did not understand the significance of Teapot Dome, though he has been charged with drafting the transfer order which President Harding signed, but, as we said at the time, a son of that President of the United States who sponsored and forwarded the conservation policy has no right to plead ignorance on such a score. Instead of resigning in protest, young Roosevelt had his brother made vice-president of one of Sinclair's companies; the brother later testified that he drew a fat salary, but did practically nothing. The same Theodore Roosevelt himself signed the

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order for the sending of a handful of armed marines under Captain G. K. Shuler to the Teapot Dome reserve for the purpose of expelling certain trespassers, in the interest of Mr. H. F. Sinclair. Mr. Roosevelt is one of the last men in America to talk to Governor Smith about civic virtue.

FROM SEVERAL READERS we have received protests in regard to our recent paragraph on Ruth Hanna McCormick (Mrs. Medill McCormick). These correspondents do not deny that because of her personal charm, her rare ability, and her extraordinary knowledge and understanding of politics, Mrs. McCormick is a most interesting figure in our political life, as set forth in the article we print elsewhere, but they call attention to the fact that she appears to have struck hands with the Crowe-Thompson machine than which, so writes one reader, "there is no more corrupt political gang in the country." Since Governor Small seems to have allied himself with Thompson, Mrs. McCormick is thus tied up with another one of the most deplorable figures in our governmental life. Again, Mrs. McCormick does not seem to have supported for reelection Judge Jerecki, who has been doing such admirable work in sentencing judges and clerks of election of both parties to jail for their criminal practices on election day. These are discouraging things to report about one who has in the past played an independent part in political life surprising in view of her inheritance. We shall see what we shall see, but we do not hesitate now to say that if Mrs. McCormick is really going to tie up with men like Thompson and Small for the sake of getting office she will gravely injure and not aid the political life of America and the position of women therein. We shall continue to hope that she will take a stand against the men who now control Chicago and Illinois.

PITTSBURGH, MELLON, COOLIDGE: the words flow with ease. But when one tries to say "Pittsburgh, injunction, Mellon, striking miners," the words refuse to mix. Probably President Coolidge noticed this, and so, speaking in Pittsburgh as a guest of Andrew Mellon, he simply left out the intrusive words. Instead, he delivered himself of these mellifluous thoughts:

> Andrew W. Mellon and Richard B. Mellon stand out as men who are devoting themselves to the service of humanity, one by remaining as a leader in great financial and industrial enterprises and the other by turning his great talents to the administration of the treasury of the United States, where his leadership in the last six years has been greatly instrumental in restoring the industrial equilibrium of the world.

As to the ranks of unskilled labor, the President produced this masterly phrase: "Their condition is greatly improved over what they ever before received." Meanwhile, close to 100,000 miners had been on strike since April 1, asking a mere living wage, and Judge Schoonmaker had just issued one of the most sweeping injunctions in labor history.

IF JUDGE SCHOONMAKER'S FIAT is effectively enforced—and the Pittsburgh Terminal Coal Corporation has already posted a bond of $50,000 to make it so—all attempts of the organized miners to bargain or to maintain union wages will be prohibited. The union men must not use "abusive language"; they must not parade in the vicinity of the mines; nor must they interfere with [i.e., talk to] corporation employees or their families. In fact, any act which might interfere with the production, mining, transportation, or shipment of coal is restrained by the court. In addition to the foregoing restrictions, the corporation has won legal permission to regain possession of company-owned houses occupied by striking miners. Hitherto the lower courts had prevented the eviction of the strikers from company-owned houses; but the New York *Times* quotes Lee Hall, of the United Mine Workers, as saying:

> When the courts decided that the families could remain on the property, the company forbade trespassing on its property. This rule was applied to milk drivers, to the delivery of foodstuffs, and even doctors were refused permission to visit the striking miners unless given permission by the company. Families were prohibited from visiting one another unless the company agreed to allow such visits.
>
> In some instances representatives of the company tore the doors off houses, removed the roofs and windows, and did everything they could to make the places uninhabitable; all this despite the fact that the union has furnished bond to guarantee payment of rent.

Mr. Coolidge might have looked around before asserting that the conditions of unskilled laborers are "greatly improved over what they ever before received."

THE BRITISH MENACE is not only confined to Chicago, where School Superintendent McAndrew is being tried, among other charges, for having permitted "pro-British" textbooks to poison the minds of his young charges. "Modern History," a textbook compiled by Carlton Hayes and Thomas Parker Moon of Columbia University, is being attacked by the New York Veterans of Foreign Wars as containing "subtle falsehoods designed to restore America into sentimental, spiritual, and political subjection to Great Britain." The statement further says: "The inspired men of sublime zeal and genius who startled the world with their new conception of human rights [we take it the Fathers of the American Revolution are meant] are charged with having plagiarized it all from the store of British principles." Which is perhaps natural enough, considering that each of these inspired sublimities was for many years of his life a British subject, and many of them were born on England's soil itself. We confess that we are not alarmed by the prospect of a spiritual alliance with Great Britain; it seems to us the most desirable thing in the world that these two great nations, speaking the same language and with a common tradition, should be joined spiritually always, politically on occasion, and even, if necessary, sentimentally. The thought of America being "subject" to Great Britain, or vice versa, is the veriest nonsense, and we shall be certainly in a bad way if we select our textbooks by guessing at their probable political effect.

SAMUEL GOMPERS is dead; but his cautious soul still dominates the American Federation of Labor. Indeed, it becomes more cautious year after year. Its Los Angeles convention this month just marked time. Again the federation approved rigid restriction of immigration; it turned down the New York resolution calling for the "withdrawal of the war fleet and marines from China, Nicaragua, and other countries occupied by the armed forces of the United States"; it refused to associate with European labor; and it side-stepped the Boulder Dam issue. When Max Hayes of Cleveland ridiculed officials for "cooling their heels" in the anterooms of old-party bosses the

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delegates applauded, but they voted against independent political action. The high moguls of the federation have not yet recovered from the shock of indorsing La Follette in 1924, and until they get a new courage and a new faith in themselves—or until they are replaced—there will be scant progress toward a labor party in the United States. Even the "new wage policy" which bounced into the headlines was hardly new. The principle that gains in industrial productivity should spell increased wages as well as increased profits is sound enough; and labor certainly needs competent research men as well as competent publicity men to help it present its case to the public; but fundamentally unions will still have to depend upon mass economic power. And the federation still hesitates at the decisive problem of organizing the unorganized.

IN SPAIN STRANGE THINGS are happening. Professor Besteiro of Madrid has dared publicly to attack both the dictator, Primo de Rivera, and King Alfonso, placing direct blame upon the two for the failure of the Moroccan campaign as well as for domestic difficulties. Oddly enough, Professor Besteiro's position as chief of the Socialist Party and head of the Spanish Federation of Labor seems to keep him out of jail. Five hundred persons not so influential have recently been locked up on suspicion of plotting against the government. To allay this opposition and tension throughout Spain the National Assembly has been called and is now enjoying its first session since the establishment four years ago of the Primo de Rivera dictatorship. As a democratic institution this National Assembly is a mere gesture. It presents as fine a collection of hand-picked delegates as any dictator ever dictated to. Of the 400 members half have been selected by de Rivera personally, and the remaining 200 by the mayors of the municipalities, who were themselves appointed by de Rivera. Furthermore, the functions of the assembly are limited to advising. If the general unrest in Spain at present is symptomatic of a real movement for representative government, it is difficult to see how the feeble collection of wooden sticks in the National Assembly will satisfy or allay it.

FLOGGINGS IN ALABAMA are not to go unpunished. After two years of the most lawless activity on the part mainly of members and even officers of the Ku Klux Klan, the grand jury has returned 102 indictments against 36 men in Crenshaw and Butler counties. The Klan fought bitterly to prevent such an outcome and its political strength in that part of the State was considerable; to several courageous newspapers must go the credit for having forced action by the grand jury. The jury's report is as severe an arraignment of the Klan as any Southern State has ever offered:

> We find that in most, if not all, of these cases these outrageous acts of hooded mobs wearing the regalia of the Ku Klux Klan are the evil fruits of leadership at war with all constituted authority and done in bigoted disregard of the courts. . . . Nothing can be more cowardly . . . than for persons who call themselves men to gather together purporting to so gather under the banner of Christ, and . . . there before the Cross of Christ to plot and plan, to conspire and concoct, connive and conjure up the yellow deeds, the diabolical schemes, the unmerciful lashings, and the cowardly torturing attacks which have . . . been committed upon defenseless men and women, white and black, in this country.

We submit that this is fine rhetoric and admirable plain speaking at the same time. The grand jury urges immediate and fearless action by petit juries when the cases are brought to trial. Attorney General McCall, who, though himself a Klansman, has vigorously conducted the investigation, promises that the cases will be heard in the regular term of the Circuit Court beginning November 7.

THE TESTIMONIAL DINNER given last Saturday to Professor Morris R. Cohen in celebration of his twenty-five years of teaching at the College of the City of New York was a significant event in the intellectual history of the city. More than a thousand persons, ranging from devoted young men only a year ago in Mr. Cohen's classes to such distinguished philosophers as John Dewey, Bertrand Russell, and Mr. Cohen's former teacher, Dean F. J. E. Woodbridge, came to pay homage to a man who has done, as Felix Frankfurter said, nothing more useful than to live a "useless" life. He has merely taught thousands of students the beautiful and impractical virtues of candor and uncompromising intelligence. He has in his critical articles done much to call philosophers back from hasty enthusiasm for uncertified gods. The tributes were astounding in the diversity of their sources and subjects. Einstein wrote a letter praising Mr. Cohen as a mathematician and Justice Holmes wrote him a letter praising him as a jurist. But it was not to pay tribute to a scientist and a critic that a thousand people came together. It was perhaps above all to express their affection for an intelligence singular in its integrity and beautiful in its sweetness. It was a great occasion and should remind the city whose college boasts such a philosopher what it has to boast of.

Speak roughly to your little boy
And beat him when he sneezes. . . .

BUT what can you do with a robot? The new mechanical man created by the Westinghouse Electric Company will close the door if you tell him to, but only if you speak in a voice with a pitch of 900 vibrations a second. You may shout at a human office-boy; you may throw rocks at the dog or your stenographer, and still expect a degree of responsiveness. To a robot you must speak softly, you must be polite and kind, or you may wait all day for your commands to be carried out. The Westinghouse Company announces that three mechanical men are already at work in the War Department, earning their mechanical equivalent for bread and butter. Others are being tried out, shutting doors, turning off switches, detecting short circuits, and otherwise making themselves useful twenty-four hours a day. The robot knows nothing of union hours; he works on holidays without complaint; and, if he demands a soft, low-toned command, he is docile and obedient once he has heard it. The possibilities of this new invention are not a little frightening. We may have mechanical waiters, cooks, book agents, authors, musicians, and editors. But let us never have any robot in a situation more personal than, say, that of President of the United States. There a robot might do very well; he could easily and comfortably ride the mechanical horse; he could execute orders without fuss, without complaint, without objection; and he could learn to shake hands interminably, saying "Delighted" at intervals of a second or so. Such a device should be elected not for four years but for life.

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Calling Men by Their Right Names

AGAIN a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States quickens the belief that justice may still on occasion prevail in America against wrongdoers in the seats of the mighty at Washington, against the big-business thieves who steal millions and their journalistic protectors. In the Teapot Dome case the court has followed its own precedent of the Doheny-Elk Hills suit, and has declared the leasing of the Wyoming naval-oil lands by Sinclair to have been "procured by corruption" and to have been "tainted with fraud" from beginning to end. It again brands ex-Secretary Fall, who took the $100,000 bribe from Doheny, as a "faithless public officer," and repudiates his story that the $230,000 worth of Liberty bonds passed to him by Harry Sinclair constituted a legitimate transaction. It was, the court declares, a "clandestine and unexplainable acquisition" of "sinister significance." For all time these men and their associates are thus branded as crooks by the highest court in the land, from which there is no appeal. It makes no difference what the outcome of their criminal trial now taking place in Washington will be. The Supreme Court has stamped them as faithless Americans who cheated and betrayed their country in order to line their pockets.

The deep significance of this goes far beyond the recovery of the oil lands. This is the final triumph of the movement to purge the government which was set on foot by one great but bitterly calumniated American, the late Robert M. La Follette, who called attention to what was going on a year before public action began. He was ignored by the majority in the Senate and out, although *The Nation* and other free journals and the few Progressive Senators came to his aid. But when, under the leadership of Senators Walsh and Wheeler of Montana, the Senate inquiries were set on foot, all the forces of big business and of the commercialized daily press mustered successfully to destroy the effectiveness of that attack. One would have thought that these Senators were the arch criminals—not those whom the Supreme Court has just convicted of everything that was charged against them. Many of the leading newspapers printed with highest editorial approval the statement sent out by the Republican National Committee in March, 1924:

> If the innovation of proving honest men and public officials guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors by introducing testimony of convicts and ex-convicts, crooks, forgers, bribe-takers, murderers, train robbers, and other criminals is to be followed, then there is no end in sight of the present investigations until all the inmates of our penitentiaries have been put on the stand.

The deliberate adoption of the policy of writing down the scandals, in which pleasant pastime no newspapers were more distinguished than our highly respectable New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune*, succeeded in confusing the public mind so that the rascals were not driven out of public office at the next election and Mr. Coolidge, who retained Daugherty and Denby and never once has lifted his voice to denounce corruption in high office, was reelected.

We agree with the New York *Telegram* that this decision of the Supreme Court is an imperishable monument to Robert M. La Follette. Just at present it must come with heartening vigor to the group of Progressives who have boldly met together, Senator Borah sitting with them, to run an honest man for the Presidency in the Republican primaries, and to declare their allegiance again to the Progressive causes which have been betrayed and sold out by the Democracy of Woodrow Wilson as well as by the crooked and debased party that was once Abraham Lincoln's. Not only do the mills of the gods continue to grind exceeding fine; the spirit of revolt cannot be downed. It is well that the editorial writers of the New York *Times* are again ridiculing the handful of honest men in Washington; it is proper that these new editorial assaults should appear simultaneously with the Teapot Dome decision. If it had rested with the *Times* the Doheny and the Sinclair cases would never have reached the Supreme Court; they would have been smothered under its deprecations of the "muckrakers" and "scandal-mongers," the "mud-throwers" to whom, and to whom alone, we owe the fact that the good name of the United States has, in this matter at least, been vindicated.

For ourselves, we hail with joy the announcement of Senator Borah, Senator Nye, Senator Norris, and their associates that they are determined to do their uttermost to prevent the nomination of another Harding ready to put criminals in the Cabinet, or of another Coolidge ever ready servilely to lick the boots of Big Business—as he has again done in Pittsburgh where he has praised the brothers Mellon, owners of the crookedest of crooked political machines, as the type of men whom the students of Pittsburgh's colleges should regard as the finest in the land.

It is impossible to tell what results this group action will have in the country and in the next Republican convention, but it can only be heartening and inspiring to every decent-minded American that these men are willing once more to stand in the open to face the fresh press attacks which will come to them for championing anew the righteousness that brought the Cabinet crooks of Warren Harding to justice. They can exert a profound influence. They can perform the magnificent public service of being once more a protestant minority. They can give to millions of citizens the opportunity to vote in the primaries for one of the finest Americans, and one of the most devoted of patriots who ever went to Washington, Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska.

True, Daugherty and Fall are not yet in jail. We care nothing for that; we would not send anybody to jail as jails are now organized and run. The glorious fact is that a great wrong has been undone; that some of the millions stolen from the American people have been restored; and that the group of honest men, which makes Congress such a living force, is again on the warpath, reinforced by Senator James A. Reed of Missouri. Senator Reed has just refreshingly told the truth by saying that Harry Daugherty is "as vile an insect as ever crawled across the page of time," and has drawn fresh attention to the fact that the present President of the United States never lifted a hand to expose the oil-land fraud, but "remained as mum and inactive as a Boston oyster stranded on the beach in the month of August." Thank fortune, the Republic is getting back to a period of political activity and to the good old-fashioned American practice of calling men by their right names, however high the offices they hold.

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Exhibitions and Expositions

WHEN the Philadelphia Sesquicentennial Exhibition shut down after six ghastly months, with losses running into the millions, there were many to say that the day of such exhibitions, or fairs, was over. The public, it was contended, knows so much of what is going on in the world through the radio, the movie, and the illustrated daily, that it is too sophisticated to be drawn readily to a celebration like that in Philadelphia. At the Chicago World's Fair the Venetian gondolas and the Javanese village fascinated millions to whom they were entire novelties. Today every child has seen Javanese and Ceylonese villages on the screen and more romances than one in which the hero escapes the doge's headsman by lying in the bottom of a gondola as it drifts lazily along the Grand Canal.

The reasoning is plausible but false. The Sesquicentennial failed because it deserved to fail. It was conceived in politics and born in graft, or near-graft, and inefficiency. It was never really finished and what there was did not fill the beholder with enthusiasm. The public knows when it has been fooled, and, unlike some of the spectators observed by Huckleberry Finn, did not pretend that it had seen a wonderful show in order that others might also be fooled. It went home and told the truth.

By contrast a three weeks' exhibition which has just closed near Baltimore has been an amazing success—the Baltimore & Ohio celebration of the first century of its existence. Originally planned for two weeks, the "Fair of the Iron Horse" had to be extended for another week and it could have been extended indefinitely. Yet it was not advertised in New York and other cities. It was not opened by a great political light and baptized with fulsome oratory. There was no jazz, and there were no "barkers." One could spend money only for eatables, souvenirs, and soft drinks, there was no entrance fee, and the railroad charged only twenty-five cents for the round trip of sixteen miles from Baltimore and return. It was an exhibition frankly devoted to one purpose—the history of railroad transportation, and yet the place was crowded—on one weekday 81,000 persons jammed the trains from Baltimore until they suggested the New York subways. In two weeks 1,200,000 persons attended the exhibit. An entrance fee would not have deterred these crowds; they were extraordinarily intelligent and they were extraordinarily interested in what they saw. They were obviously familiar with the movies. Yet they stood many rows deep about the Indian village, and though doubtless many had seen the movie entitled "The Iron Horse" and in dozens of films had become familiar with the prairie schooner, they were fascinated by the real schooners and the Wells-Fargo stage that appeared in the pageant.

The show succeeded because it was a good show, admirably put on, and the circumstance that the Baltimore & Ohio got an enormous amount of advertising out of it cannot hide that fact. It was a B. & O. show, but it was more than that. For the Pennsylvania and the New York Central were there, too, and an English railroad had sent its finest new engine, the "King George V," as an act of friendship and good-will. Daniel Willard, the president, and Edward Hungerford, who was the director for the B. & O., were wise enough to make this a remarkable historical exhibit and to realize that the exhibits themselves were the road's best advertisements. The visitor never felt that the B. & O. was being rammed down his throat at every turn. It was all as much worth while from the standpoint of every railroad in the country as from that of Mr. Willard's.

After the first three or four days there was no need to announce the show; the banners and posters could have been taken down—the crowd would still have poured out. For the pageant given twice a day told concisely the whole story of the rise of transportation in America from the days of the Indian's birch-bark canoe and "bull-boats" to the latest train de luxe. The trains all went past the reviewing-stand under their own steam—even engines acquired by the B. & O. ninety-seven years ago. The public was thrilled when, for instance, the first train ever run in Minnesota steamed past in quaint simplicity, and in old-fashioned yellow. It climbed into the latest engine-cabs with the same thirst for knowledge which made it joyously examine the first Pullman and that tragic engine, "The General," whose capture by Northern soldiers and recapture, with the ensuing execution as spies of some of the Federals, was one of the most daring and dramatic episodes of the Civil War. And not a cheap side-show anywhere; no fat women, no Siamese twins; just pieces of machinery, old or superb in their modernity. Nor was an automobile, or a radio, or an airplane to be seen. They did not exist for the Fair of the Iron Horse.

No, exhibitions are not dead. The movie may, indeed, even have stimulated a taste for the real instead of the pictured thing. The Baltimore & Ohio has proved that crowds will come to study and be instructed, provided they are given the worth-while and the genuine in a straightforward and honest manner.

What Is Happening in China

WHEN the Chinese Nationalists started North from the Yangtze River last spring, the Japanese landed troops in Shantung, advanced them inland along the railway, and announced that in order to protect Japanese lives and property they would not permit military operations in the neutral zones thus established. The Nationalists were unable to advance; behind the Japanese screen the Northerners reformed their forces. And after the Nationalists had been driven South the Japanese announced that they would withdraw their forces from Shantung. We have not yet heard that they have done so.

The tide of civil war shifted westward. Yen Shi-shan, China's prize fence-rider, the governor of Shansi Province, who through sixteen years of revolution had managed to maintain neutrality and keep his province from the ravages of civil war, at last entered the struggle. For three years he had wavered and wabbled. He had, ostensibly, made alliances with the North—but had stayed at home when invited to enter battle on the North's side. This year he flew the banner of the Nationalists and advanced against Peking. There is reason to believe that he was urged forward by promises of aid from the "Christian general," Feng Yu-hsiang, whose promises have so often proved treacherous; and the net effect of Governor Yen's attempt to take the Northern capital may be that Feng will take Yen's place as commander of the rich province of Shansi. Feng, after two years on the edge of the desert, needs a more fertile camp for his armies. At any rate, Yen's army has been

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driven back by the Northern forces which owe allegiance to Chang Tso-lin, who in turn remembers that Japan has more than once saved his forces from destruction.

The center and south of China remain in the hands of vaguely defined groups of Nationalist generals; but since the collapse of the Hankow Government the generals seem to be more important than the Nationalism. No general can hold power in that territory without yielding lip-allegiance at least to the principles of Sun Yat-sen; but most of them have been crushing as ruthlessly as any Northerner the peasant associations and labor unions which gave that movement its broad basis in the civilian population. A so-called "Communist" army has established itself in Kiangsi Province and at Swatow in northern Kwangtung, but it has yet to prove itself more genuinely devoted to the people than the other armies which prey on the civilian population. Feng and Yen, in the Northwest, also declare allegiance to Dr. Sun's principles, but theirs are again personal military dictatorships.

Meanwhile, in this moment of discouragement, Japan is quietly forcing the issue and tightening her grip upon Manchuria. When, after the Washington Conference in 1922, Japan returned Shantung Province to China, she left unsurrendered the claims upon Manchuria which she had extorted from China as part of the infamous Twenty-one Demands of 1915. The Chinese Government declared that the treaty, being extorted by *force majeure*, was invalid; the American Government refused to recognize at least certain parts of it; and for a time the Japanese Government, secure in essential control of Manchuria, seemed content to let the matter rest. But Japan today has a new Government, committed to a "positive policy" in China.

Japan now demands that Japanese citizens be permitted to lease lands and erect buildings anywhere in Manchuria—a right not allowed foreigners in other parts of China; that China should cease building railway lines in Manchuria which parallel and rival Japan's South Manchuria Railway; that the Chinese agree to extension of the Japanese lines in Manchuria; and that the Chinese permit Japan to open a new consulate in Linkiang—a town where Japan has no trade, but which has been a center of the Korean independence movement. Furthermore, Japan is reorganizing her bureaucracy in Manchuria, giving more power to the officials of the South Manchurian Railway—a railway which is a government in itself, with a certain territorial jurisdiction, its own police and schools, and its own coal and iron mines. And, finally, the Japanese *Diplomatic Review*, a semi-official publication, has been rewriting history, voicing the curious doctrine that the Chinese "have no voice at all in regard to Manchuria and Mongolia"—a plain hint of annexation to come.

In North Manchuria the Japanese have encouraged the Chinese to drive the Russians out of control of the Chinese Eastern Railway. There the Japanese lose their hallowed respect for the sanctity of treaties; and the Chinese, with their open encouragement, have seized the fleet which was a joint Chinese-Russian property, taken over administration of the railway schools, flooded the offices with incompetent Chinese employees, and forced the Russians to deposit half the receipts in Chinese banks. It is, from the point of view of Chinese Nationalism, a healthy precedent, but the Japanese do not intend to let it be followed in South Manchuria; they are eager only to get rid of rival Russian influence.

So today the question of immediate importance is not whether an army flying the Nationalist flag can take Peking, but whether the inchoate force of Nationalism will be strong enough, even in Northern territory, to stop Japan's program of gradual annexation.

Well, Then, a Short Cheer

THE other heroes of the air seem somewhat more than mortal, but not Levine. And it is heartening to have a demigod capable of supplying that clay which makes for comfort and controversy. This transatlantic flying has, in its latter days, assumed grim aspects. There is need for knocking at the door and for some porter to amble on and relieve the tension with the proper touch of rowdy comedy. Others may choose to remember Lindbergh alone, facing the fell clutch of sleet, but there is more warmth in the picture of Levine bouncing about on Croydon field. They say that when the wheels of the Columbia first touched the soil of England the plane rose up again full twenty feet as if even the red earth spurned this little man in business attire.

Most of the traditions of the air Levine has violated. It cannot be denied that he brought to flying a disturbing touch of commercial instinct. However, it should be added that it was the role of Potash which he played and not that of Morgan. Out of his schemes he seems to have profited very little and at the moment the only rewards within his grasp appear to be a speech from Mayor Walker and a complimentary dinner in Far Rockaway. Whether it was his intent or not Charles A. Levine looms up as the purest amateur who ever leaped across the broad Atlantic. Chivalry and sportsmanship are beautiful, and a little false. Levine has earned ill-will by being far more frank than any of the others. "Lindbergh had all the luck," he is supposed to have said when the Columbia grounded obscurely in a German village. This was bad taste and niggling, but surely it was also an honest expression of opinion. A tactless man goes naked into the world and must fight at each cross-road in his journey. Such has been the fate of Levine. The records show that he has bickered with everyone he met in Europe except the Pope. Legends grow up around all heroes, and it may be that one anecdote associated with the flier is not quite literally true. "No," said a man across whose field Levine and Chamberlin passed in the night, "I did not see the plane but I know they went this way because I heard them arguing."

Not for Levine will be the roses and the motion-picture offers. There is no evidence that he has been asked to give out autographs and kisses. Some wit has said that his return up through the canyons of New York City would be unmarked by the traditional ticker tape of triumph and that instead subpoenas would rain from every window. But after all, there is no getting away from the fact that he flew across the ocean. He is not Galahad precisely or anyone in shining armor, but the Atlantic is just as dangerous and deep for the ludicrous as for the sublime. It has been something of a strain to play up to the various immaculate heroes. We have been upon our knees to the others. Now we can rise, and even stoop a little, as we reach out a hand toward this little flying tradesman, and there need be no lack of cordiality in the greeting as we shake his hand and say, with true Far Rockaway courtesy, "Excuse my glove."

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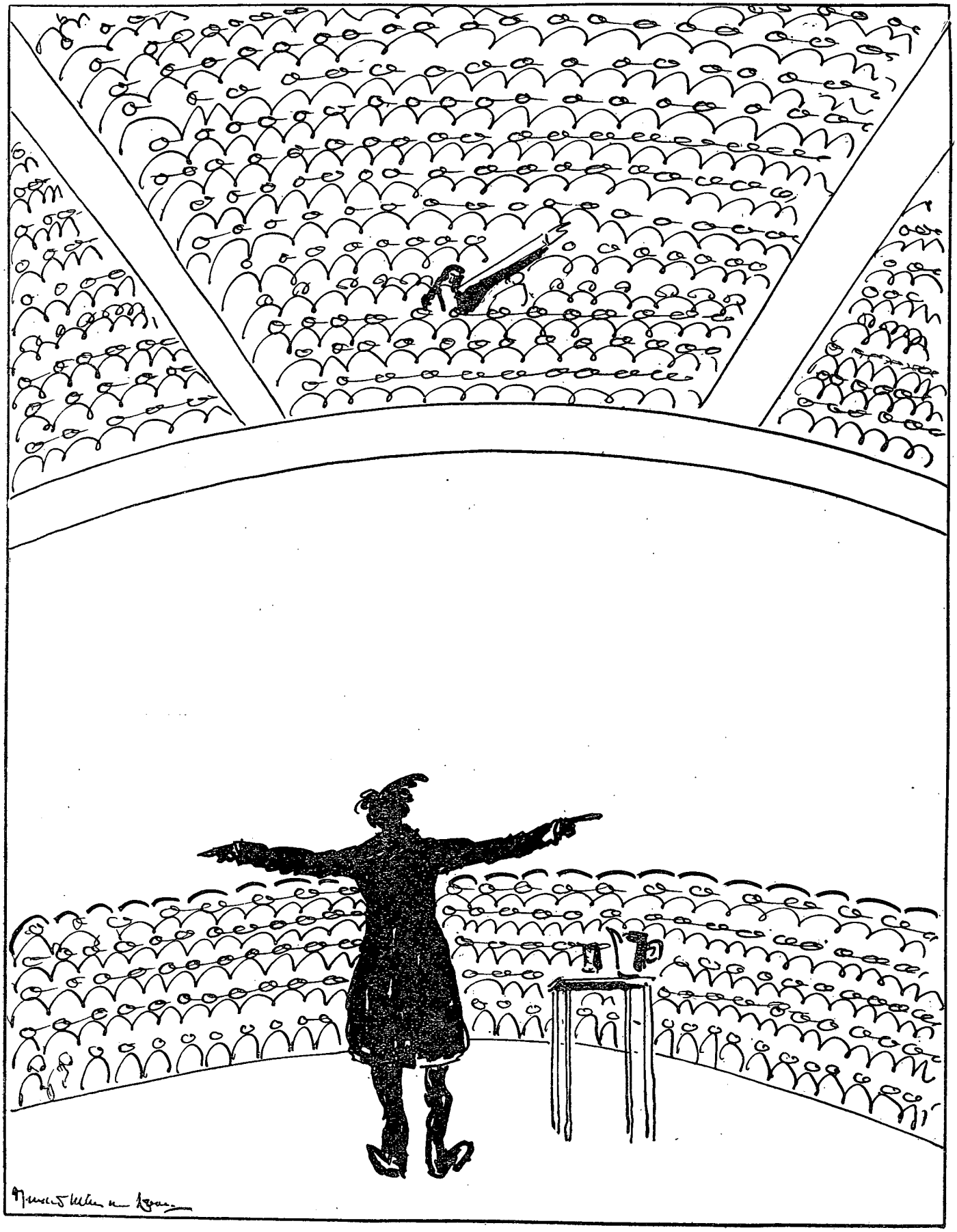

In the Presidential Year

"My fellow-citizens, ours is the greatest country underneath the sun. We have the most powerful navy in the world. Our army is invincible. There is no limit to our resourcefulness. There is not anything which as a nation we can not achieve. . . ."
Voice from the Gallery: *"Hey Mister, get me a cook."*

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It Seems To Heywood Broun

THE Irish are always being insulted by somebody. They take more umbrage than is good for them. At least they sometimes fail to carry it with becoming dignity. The fine old fighting Gael of the legends has dwindled into a whimperer who cries out, "There ought to be a law," whenever he is hit. And now the proposal has been made in New York City that the toes of every Irishman shall be made a special government preserve with punitive penalties for each trespasser. Joseph McKee, president of the Board of Aldermen, wants a new ordinance empowering the Commissioner of Licenses to close any motion-picture theater if it shows a film which tends "to ridicule, disparage, or hold up to obloquy or contempt any race, creed, or nationality." Also the commissioner is to be empowered to proceed against such movies as are "calculated to arouse racial, national, or religious prejudice, or do in fact give offense to a considerable number of any race, creed, or nationality." The members of the oppressed nationality are instructed that they "shall report same to the Commissioner of Licenses who shall thereupon abrogate and cancel the license or licenses of the theater or theaters exhibiting such motion pictures."

It is true that the proposed ordinance does not specify offenses against Irish sensitivity, but Mr. McKee stated that his bill was based on a complaint from the American Irish Vigilance Committee and that the particular films which he had in mind were "The Callahans and the Murphys," "Irish Hearts," "The Shamrock and the Rose," and "The Garden of Allah."

Of the works listed, I have seen only "The Callahans and the Murphys." It seemed to me a silly and vulgar production and yet I cannot agree that the legal system of a great city should be radically altered because of this unhappy film. Concerning the other three upon the black list I can only guess. The inclusion of "The Garden of Allah" puzzles me. I had been under the impression that this was a story dealing chiefly with camels. Possibly it is insulting to the Arabs of New York who are prepared to come forward and protest in considerable numbers. It is fair for us to assume that none of the scorned scenarios offends against purity as there is already ample machinery in the State of New York to deal with such transgressions. The crime which they commit must consist of ridicule. Possibly the authors of these impertinent stories have been devilishly malignant in scoffing at the greatness of the Irish people.

And even so I think it a grave mistake to summon censors. Possibly Mr. McKee has not considered the potentialities of his little ordinance. After all, polyglot New York harbors nationals less rich than the Irish in humorous appreciation. I should like to state the sort of case which might arise under the proposed law. Recently, within a great cinema temple, I saw a motion picture which contained the caption: "What is the difference between a Scotchman and a canoe? A canoe tips."

This did not move me to enormous merriment, for I had heard the joke some several years ago. Still, I had not regarded it as insidious propaganda calculated to arouse national prejudice. Under the law my feelings in the matter would be wholly irrelevant. This would be a matter for Scotchmen to decide. Let us suppose, then, that thirty thousand Caledonians marched to the license office with bagpipes skirling to keep their anger hot. Even the city official would be without the power to reason why. Under the law the decision would lie wholly with the offended nationality, and the Commissioner of Licenses would be compelled to say, "Thirty thousand Scotchmen can't be wrong" and close the theater.

Because of one small sorry jest "The Dance of the Hours" could never more be heard in that great gilded auditorium and the passing multitude of merry-makers would be compelled to walk full half a block to find another theater in which to get a baritone version of "The End of a Perfect Day." Mr. Cecil de Mille might some day, God forbid, produce "Hamlet" upon the silver screen. What if the director were incautious enough to let the harassed Prince exclaim, "There's something rotten in the state of Denmark"? This should be enough to make Danes descend upon the City Hall in clusters crying out for cloture.

Atheists might with perfect logic protest against that great million-dollar Biblical masterpiece "The King of Kings" on the ground that this Gospel narrative tended to hold the creed of unbelief up to contempt. I'm afraid they would not get far, for it is always difficult to gather atheists together in considerable numbers for any purpose. Generally they are too busily engaged in good deeds to take up organization. The Chinese, also, might fail in procuring the suppression of "Broken Blossoms," though this tal from "Limehouse Nights" most certainly falls within the classification of themes disparaging a race. It might be remarked parenthetically that when the Negroes of New York asked for action against "The Birth of the Nation" they received but scant official attention.

Under a strict interpretation of the McKee ordinance things might come to such a pass that the scenario writer wishing to include a villain among his characters would have to make him a Moabite or Hittite or a member of some other civic minority not numerous enough to muster considerable numbers even under provocation.

As a matter of fact, no other nationals have come forward to join the Irish in their plea for censorship along racial lines. The Jews of New York have always been patient with the Perlmutters and Potashes. No Frenchman as far as I know has objected to the film tradition that every Gaul is a waiter whose articulation is limited to "Ou la la." Not all the pictures dealing with the war have been wholly sympathetic with the Germans, but as yet Mr. Viereck has failed to raise a finger. The Portuguese and the Argentines and the Greeks, all these are mute.

I think it is fair to say that of the proud peoples who dwell within the borders of New York none approaches the Irish in the demand for special fictional and dramatic favors. Sidney Howard's play "They Knew What They

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Wanted" was refused by dozens of managers before it found shelter within the chill arms of the Theater Guild. The commercial producers knew well enough that here was an excellent play, but they feared to put it on because an Irish priest was represented as being a little less than superbly educated. The notion of a rascally Irish prelate is unthinkable upon the stage of New York. No producer in the city would have dared to touch "Rain" if the unfortunate missionary had been called Father Kelly.

The present protest against cheap and vulgar films of Irish life and character would win more sympathy from me if the Celts had not been so ready in the past to accept and even applaud so large an amount of trash if only it were sentimental. I have yet to hear of any vigilance committee raising a single shillelagh against the noxious banalities of "Abie's Irish Rose." The sons of Erin were enraptured when Chauncey Olcott and his many imitators pictured the Irishman as a fellow with a heart of gold and a brain of some much softer metal, but when a truly great comedy came out of the very peat smoke of Ireland they would have none of it and rioted at the opening.

I was at the first performance of Synge's "Playboy of the Western World" and heard the snarl go up—"It never happened in Ireland." After that the potatoes and stink bombs began to fly and Marie O'Neill was stunned when hit by a missile thrown by some man who had familiarized himself with Irish life through long residence in Elmhurst.

To be fair, which is not altogether my intention, not all the Irish in America were gathered in the Maxine Elliott Theater, but it sounded to me as if they were present in considerable numbers. Undoubtedly there were many Gaels who recognized the fine flash of Synge's play and when the piece was done again in later years there was no riot. Still, I think it is not unjust to say that the pseudo-Irishman holds greater appeal for the Irish-American public than the more authentic fellow. The Clan-na-Gael failed to decree dancing in the streets in honor of "John Bull's Other Island."

If there is to be any sort of nationalistic censorship I think it might be an excellent idea to provide for a rotation of the function. Thus, the Jews could be empowered to decide what is offensive to the Irish, the French might act as censors for the Germans, and the Irish call a halt at themes too libelous toward England. This is much the better way. Surely no nationalistic decision should be left to a people whose representatives in New York seem to believe that Don Byrne is a greater Irish writer than George Bernard Shaw.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Sinclair and Fall on Trial

By RAYMOND CLAPPER

Washington, October 18

THE trial of Albert B. Fall, former Secretary of the Interior, and Harry F. Sinclair, millionaire oil man, for conspiracy to defraud the Government in the Teapot Dome affair has begun in Washington and newspaper dispatches for the next few days are going to read suspiciously like chapters from the novel "Revelry," Samuel Hopkins Adams and the government prosecutors having been inspired by the same set of facts.

As the two defendants scrutinize the faces of the twelve men who are about to pass judgment on them, they doubtless reflect hopefully on the fact that juries are not made up of justices of the United States Supreme Court. Just one week before they went on trial, the Supreme Court ended the Government's civil suit to set aside the Teapot Dome lease declaring that the transaction had been fraudulent, that there had been a "clandestine" and "sinister" transfer of large funds to Fall, some of them certainly and the remainder probably from Sinclair, and that Fall had been a "faithless public officer."

That was the highest court of the land speaking without a dissenting voice. On the same evidence that the court reviewed, the jury will decide the present criminal conspiracy case.

It is a long and devious trail that leads from the Fall ranch near Three Rivers, New Mexico, to the jury box at Washington. On New Year's Eve, 1921, Sinclair arrived in his private car at the ranch. There, so far as is known, the present codefendants first discussed the Teapot Dome project. Three months later, on April 7, 1922, Fall signed the Teapot Dome lease in strictest secrecy, giving Sinclair exclusive rights to all oil in the 9,000-acre naval reserve in Wyoming excepting about 6 per cent which eventually was to go into storage tanks to be built for the navy by Sinclair. The lease did not state the proposition so baldly, but that was the way it was to work out.

In defense of the deal it was said that the navy's oil was being drained by private drillers outside of the reserve. The Supreme Court has said that the principals knew this was not the case and acted in bad faith in using it as a pretext. Even had there been serious drainage the Government was protected, for, as Senator Walsh pointed out, the Government received 25 per cent to 50 per cent royalties on all oil from these adjacent wells. So that if every drop of Teapot Dome oil had been drained by outside wells, the Government still would have received more of it through royalties than through the Sinclair lease which cost the nation ninety-four barrels of oil for every six tanked.

If Sinclair merely had outdone Fall in a trade, the Government could have done little about it. But the prosecution believes there was something more in the bargain and the Supreme Court is inclined to agree. One month after the lease was signed, and while Fall still was in the Cabinet, Sinclair, so the Government charges, caused $230,500 in Liberty bonds to reach Fall's son-in-law, M. T. Everhart, of Pueblo, Colorado. In the civil trial Everhart refused to testify as to the source of these bonds, falling back on the rule against compulsory self-incrimination. The Government traced $90,000 in bonds directly to Fall. All of the bonds were traced by serial numbers and were found to have been drawn by H. S. Osler, a Canadian lawyer, president of the mysterious Continental Trading Company, a resale corporation formed under Canadian laws about the time Sinclair was considering the Teapot Dome opportunity. Osler refused to testify in the civil trial or permit his depo-

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sition to be taken, and the Government never was able to get direct evidence that he was acting for Sinclair. Other witnesses left the country during the civil trial and the two most important ones, H. M. Blackmer and James E. O'Neil, have not yet returned, despite many attempts to get them back for the present trial. As an official of the defendant Mammoth Oil Company, Sinclair did not testify in the civil suit, and the Supreme Court said: "It justly may be inferred that he was not in a position to combat or explain any fact or circumstance supported by evidence and material to the Government's case." The Continental company was dissolved at about the time of the Teapot Dome investigation, and its records were destroyed. The Supreme Court said it was plain that the company was organized for "some illegitimate purpose."

"The clandestine and unexplained acquisition of these bonds by Fall confirms the belief, generated by other circumstances in the case, that he was a faithless public officer," the Supreme Court stated. "There is nothing in the record that tends to mitigate the sinister significance attaching to that enrichment." This episode was discovered by the Government's special prosecutors, Owen J. Roberts and Atlee Pomerene. Working under the most exasperating handicaps they have built up their evidence until it forms an important element in the prosecution's case. Much of the other material, practically all of it, was developed by Senator Walsh in the Senate's investigation. This reveals the secrecy leading up to the lease of April 7, 1921, and the refusal of Fall to permit any information to be given out for several days thereafter until the Senate by resolution demanded it; the sharp rise in Sinclair Consolidated oil stock during this period; the loan of $25,000 in Liberty bonds made to Fall by Sinclair under circumstances which the Supreme Court considers suspicious; Sinclair's payment of $1,000,000 to clear up minor claims on the reserve and his promise to pay an equal sum to others who were threatening lawsuits over their uncertain rights; and, finally, Fall's dispatch of marines to the reserve to clear off the last stubborn squatters. That incident is best described by the marine captain who led the raid, George K. Shuler, later State Treasurer of New York. He was told to report for orders to Fall; his account of that picturesque interview as given to the Senate committee follows:

> I went over to the Interior Building and the Secretary was waiting there and I went in and he said: "I have got a job for some marines. We have a naval reservation out in Wyoming, the Salt Creek country, and there is an oil company that is going in there and they are trespassing; that is, they are drilling a well," and he says, "We know that they have no rights there" and that he had called on the Secretary of the Navy to detail some marines to go out and drive them off. And he said that he had taken the matter up with the President that morning, and that the President did not want to take this action because an officer of the company that was trespassing was a close personal friend, and contributed to the campaign fund. And Mr. Fall told me he had told the President that his friend was a low-down s.o.b., and Mr. Fall said that the President told him that he supposed he was all that when he sent him his check, and Mr. Fall said that he told the President: "Mr. President, by God, he was." But he said the President finally consented, and that was why the marines were to go out.
>
> He said "What would you do if they served an injunction on you, signed by a federal judge?" I said "Mr. Secretary, I have never seen an injunction in my life, and wouldn't know one if I saw it, and if they served one on me I would file it." He said, "I guess you will get along all right out there."

To have reached the point where his friend in the Cabinet not only gave him an exclusive right of way in this rich government oil reserve, but insisted on sending out marines with fixed bayonets to drive off Harding campaign contributors, marked new heights of power in the spectacular and successful career of Harry Ford Sinclair.

He had not begun very auspiciously. His father was a druggist in Independence, Kansas. Harry went to the University of Kansas to study pharmacy. When his father died, he took over the store, but he was not successful and soon he was spending his days hunting. One day he happened to shoot himself in the foot. An accident policy gave him enough to start a small business selling timber to the oil drillers in the newly opened oil fields of southeastern Kansas. He bought into a drilling pool. Soon young Sinclair felt the first thrill of big luck in oil. The gamble of the business gripped him and he kept on playing. He expanded rapidly and in twenty years he rose to one of the dominating places in the industry, with more than twenty companies engaged in oil producing, refining, and marketing, in coal, water transportation, exploration, pipe lines, Mexican production, real estate, and publishing. His holdings reach into almost every corner of the world where there is oil. He offered to take over the entire oil business of Soviet Russia.

As Sinclair's fortune mounted into the millions, and doubtless into the tens of millions, he began to enjoy the expensive luxuries of millionaires and to gratify the sporting instinct which had made him love the oil business. He was one of the backers of the old Federal League which undertook to break the grip of organized professional baseball. He built up the Rancocas stables with a fast line of racing horses that included the famous Zev which a few years ago won the international race against Papyrus the English derby winner. He became the friend of the high and mighty. Cabinet members went to the races as his personal guests. Political managers tactfully sought campaign contributions—Will Hays collected $75,000 from him when the Republicans passed the hat to pay off the Harding campaign deficit.

As a crowning distinction, the Kansas drug-store boy finally was offered the throne of Albania, the legend is, if he would apply his talents, and probably his bank roll, to the job of straightening out the poverty-stricken treasury of that kingdom. But the uncertainties of a Balkan kingdom offered no lure for a powerful emperor of oil.

Sinclair is still in his early fifties. Such hair as he has left is untouched with gray. His eyes are cold and calculating and there is a hard-set line about his mouth—and with some reason, for he got where he did by grim fighting in one of the most ruthless of industries. He has driven his way through obstacles by any means at hand. Results are all that interest him. He is impatient of politicians. He dislikes their nosing ways. In the La Follette gasoline investigation Sinclair had to be subpoenaed before he would produce some of his records although other oil men were submitting theirs voluntarily. When he appeared before the Senate Teapot Dome committee he refused to answer certain questions and as a result was convicted by a jury of

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contempt of the Senate and is now under sentence to spend three months in a "common jail" and pay a $500 fine. The case has been appealed and Sinclair is free under bond.

He appears in court a sleek, somewhat defiant figure, lacking much of the sentimental appeal of the kindly, obliging Doheny. That twinkling, elderly little man succeeded in creating an "old pal" atmosphere about his relations with Fall. He completely disarmed the jury and they refused to believe that he was anything except a kind old gentleman who wanted to help his old friend, Fall, out of debt and to help the navy prepare itself against the Pacific war which he was told was imminent. Instead of refusing to answer the Senate committee's questions as Sinclair did, he came forward voluntarily and admitted sending the $100,000 to Fall. He repeated his story to the jury in his conspiracy trial.

Sinclair has remained doggedly silent, refusing to exploit sentimental or patriotic motives. In the present trial his attorneys may insist upon adopting the strategy which Doheny found so successful. But it is not Sinclair's own way. He is a fighter and bows before no storm.

This is Fall's second appearance here on conspiracy charges. He did not take the stand in the Doheny trial. He never has explained his false testimony before the Senate committee. After he had received $100,000 from Doheny and from Sinclair at least $35,000 testified to by Sinclair's attorney and possibly $230,500 from the Continental Trading Company, he told the committee in writing:

> It should be needless for me to say that in the purchase of the Harris ranch, or in any other purchase or expenditure, I have never approached E. L. Doheny or anyone connected with him or any of his corporations, or H. F. Sinclair or anyone connected with him or any of his corporations, nor have I ever received from either of said parties one cent on account of any oil lease or upon any other account whatsoever.

Hindenburg Has a Birthday

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

Berlin, October 4

REICHSPRÄSIDENT, ex-Feld-Marschall Paul von Hindenburg celebrated his eightieth birthday.

He received some half million marks as a gift, which he distributed to war invalids. On his birthday itself 1,200 of the most seriously wounded—the blind, the totally incapacitated—got $50 apiece. In honor of this day some hundreds of political prisoners were set free from federal and state prisons. This number included all of those still imprisoned for participation in the Munich Soviet Revolution: all, that is to say, except the romantic Robin Hood of the movement, Max Hölz, and Lindner, convicted of attempting the assassination of Ignatz Auer, then head of the Social Democratic Government. Those who were freed were all practically at the expiration of their sentences. The amnesty included Count Arco, who assassinated Kurt Eisner, first President of the Bavarian Republic. But Arco, a director of the German Lufthansa, has been at large on parole for some time. The amnesty also included Major Buchrucker, notorious Fascist, leader of the Küstrin putsch of the Black Reichswehr. Hindenburg's birthday present reduced his sentence by six years.

As a personal gift President Hindenburg received his ancestral estate at Neudeck—a modest property—a rather superfluous number of dinner services of porcelain, a newly planted garden, and of course tons of small tokens, oceans of letters, floods of telegrams.

There were three days of continuous celebration.

As for the flag question—celebrations involve meters of bunting—a "truce" was called. The President of the republic did not recognize the banner of the republic as the official symbol of the day. He pleaded for "unity" of all parties. Only the Prussian Government demanded that the black-red-gold banner be displayed on all official buildings and on the hotels. The Prussian state had a quarrel with the hoteliers about this, but won. In the city, if the writer's observation can be trusted, there were far more black-red-white banners displayed.

With one notable exception the entire population seemed to participate in this celebration. The exception was the Reichsbanner. It is the organization for the defense of the republic. It has three million members, and is therefore greater than the Stahlhelm, the Werewolf, or any other national organization formed for a similar or conflicting purpose. It refused to march in the same line with the black-red-white banners of the old regime.

And of course the Communists sabotaged. Here and there, in the sections of Berlin where the proletariat dwell, they tried rather futily and rather heroically to interrupt the demonstration. They were up against *Massenpsychologie*. The police warned carriers of red flags that they could not protect them. Toward nightfall the first day there were clashes. Twenty odd Communists were wounded by Stahlhelmists; three hundred Communists were arrested. A small incident. But for the rest, all Berlin was on the streets for this unique demonstration.

On October 2, the day of the main festivities, the city was jammed as Rome must have been when the Pope first left the Vatican. Hindenburg is the least visible of presidents. Thousands came out just for a glimpse of him. The Tiergarten, the Linden, the Wilhelmstrasse, and all the streets leading to the sports stadium where the real show was to be held were black with people. Traffic despite efficient policing was at a standstill. There were innumerable organizations and vereins, in uniforms, under banners, plated with medals and other insignia. We saw Schleswig-Holsteiners flaunting their Nordicism, Stahlhelm and Jungdo, competing in brands of patriotism, Kyffhäuser—"non-political" ex-service men; half a dozen other veteran associations; "Wandervögel" and "Pathfinders," in khaki shorts, risking their lives on bicycles among the motor cars and lorries; street-car employees (the workers waiting until the celebration was over to begin their strike); members of the automobile club; students of the corps (seas of red, blue, and green caps); fifty thousand school-children in white dresses and shirts—and, we hope, in woolen underwear; and people, ordinary people. Astonishing how many

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such there were. Despite the abstention of the Reichsbanner and of the Communists and the half-heartedness of the Socialists, it seemed to me that every class of the population of Berlin, from porter to banker, from shopgirl to *Schieber's* wife, was represented in that vast crowd, eight kilometers long, who formed a cheering alley through which Hindenburg rode in state.

The official, public festivities were harmless enough. The fifty thousand school-children sat in grandstands and waved handkerchiefs, or grouped on the stadium green sang German school songs; well-trained, sweet, clear voices, displaying that harmony and unity which the President deplores the lack of in the nation. Very touching.

The October third celebration in the same place the next day was less naive. Hindenburg emerged, not as President but as Field Marshal. In place of the frock coat and silk hat of his official office he wore his uniform and medals. Instead of the Chancellor and Secretary of State he was surrounded by generals. No white-clad children sweetly sang "Ich bin ein deutsches Mädchen." There was a defile of battle flags—relics of many wars—which lasted an hour and a half. There was a pageant of historic war costumes from the tunics of the Landsknechts who subdued Rome to the tin hats of the last Great War. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde? Not at all! Two manifestations of the German *Geist*, which Hindenburg is supposed to incorporate, in all its properties, in his person.

Through all the celebrations there was much singing of "Deutschland über Alles": music by Haydn, stolen from the Hapsburg anthem both by Germany and by the Christian church; words by Hoffmann von Fallersleben.

On October 12, 1847, the same newspaper which announced that a son, Paul, had been born to Lieutenant Benckendorff von Hindenburg carried the following item:

> Hoffmann von Fallersleben, who has been stopping here for two days with his friends, the von Itzsteins, has just received from the local authorities the order to leave the Grand Duchy of Baden within twenty-four hours.

This man, author of "Deutschland über Alles," was, you see, a dangerous character. The song which rang October 2 and 3 from black-red-white throats was written by a champion of the black-red-gold flag, who suffered for his opinions. In those days the students who flocked around him sang—not too loudly—

> Er hängt auf keinem Baume,
> Er hängt auf keinem Strick,
> Er hängt nur in dem Traume
> Der Deutschen Republik.

The gentleman whom they so cordially hanged in their Republican dreams was His Majesty, the King of Prussia.

It was left to Major Sodenstern, leader of the Stahlhelm, addressing national associations in a little separate celebration in honor of Hindenburg's birthday, to say, "the true Hindenburg spirit cannot be realized until Germany is again an empire under a German Kaiser, and under the red-white-black flag." And Hindenburg, expressing his own birthday wish for the republic, referred to the spirit of 1870, to the spirit of 1914, but not to the spirit of 1848, into which he was born.

And the "Birthday Child" himself—as the Germans quaintly call those of any age who have a right to cake and candles? Ah, well, eighty is old—even for Hindenburg. A square-headed, square-shouldered old gentleman, the broadcloth tight on his stocky body, his top-hat in his hand. (Oh, festival of top-hats, symbols of the bureaucracy, mighty as steel helmets, what a day it was for you!) His hair was cropped in true German fashion, mowed with the clippers, his quaint moustaches wreathed his heavy, trembling jowls. His face was impassive.

"Hoch, Hindenburg!" they called—students and shopgirls and veterans and bureaucrats; "Hoch, Hindenburg!" He bowed, but did not smile. Only when he left his motor to mount to the flag-decked loge reserved for him, only then did an expression come into his eyes. Twenty steps rose before him; twenty steps, a flight of steep stairs. His brow contracted; he looked dismayed. Then he began toiling upward, quietly, steadily. It was his duty. Hindenburg has always done his duty.

We thought of Lion Feuchtwanger's birthday wish for him. (German writers were each asked to express a birthday wish.) Feuchtwanger wrote one word: "Rest."

Well, and what did it all mean?

The taps under the President's balcony, forty orchestras, nationalist organizations defiling, and the veterans proud in their long unused uniforms, the school-children and the shopgirls and the amnesties and speeches of Major Sodenstern and Count Westarp. Was it a sincere demonstration? We think, yes. Granted that the gentlemen of the old regime made the most of it. But the demonstration did not have the character of a Potemkin village. Did it mean, as Walter Hasenclever rather hysterically shouted, that all Germany is willing to go to war again tomorrow and that there is no republic? We think not.

No Hohenzollern—at least no birthday party of Wilhelm II—ever got out such a crowd as celebrated Hindenburg's fourscore years of life and service. When a commoner can embody such symbolic significance, a restoration is not imminent. But for those who have prayed in Germany for a "révolution d'esprit"—for them it was a sad day.

Germany greeted in her President the man who stabilized the republic on the basis of the Wilhelmian tradition who proves in his person and his office that the form of the state is not the essence of the state; Germany celebrated in him the continuity of tradition. This celebration was an admission—let us admit—of the failure of the revolution. But where is revolution prized today?

The Subway

By ALLEN TATE

Dark accurate plunger down the successive knell
Of arch on arch, where ogives burst a red
Reverberance of hail upon the dead
Thunder, like an exploding crucible!
Harshly articulate musical steel shell
Of angry worship, hurled religiously
Upon your business of humility
Into the iron forestry of hell:

Till broken in the shift of quieter
Dense altitudes tangential of your steel,
I am become geometries—and glut
Expansions like a blind astronomer
Dazed while the worldless heavens bulge and reel
In the cold revery of an idiot.

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Americans We Like

Ruth Hanna McCormick

By MILDRED ADAMS

The Fifth in a Series of Personality Portraits

IN the morning papers of September 29, occupying front-page space out of all apparent proportion to its importance, appeared the announcement of a woman's candidacy for public office.

"I have been asked for a statement of my political intentions"; it began almost as though apologizing for intruding on the attention of the honorable editors. And then after a short and simple account of the length of her public service, she justified the intrusion and caught the headlines with "I choose to run for the Republican nomination for Congressman-at-large from Illinois in the April primary of 1928."

That phrase "I choose to run" is no mere twist of Presidential words, but an actual statement of fact. For two years Ruth Hanna McCormick has been in the position of a small girl playing London Bridge. She has had her choice between a diamond coach drawn by eight snow-white horses harnessed in platinum, and a golden frosted birthday cake as high as the Woolworth Tower. The office of Representative, Governor, Senator—all of them have been polished on political coat sleeves and dangled in front of her sensitive nose.

"If only she would make up her mind" groaned the political gentlemen. Then they could decide what was to be done about her. But as long as she concentrated on her political fences, and went on digging post-holes and stretching wires, she kept them distinctly uneasy. More than one sigh of relief must have gone up to high heaven the morning she announced that she would definitely run for an office.

Ruth Hanna McCormick is one of the few women in the United States who wields political power in terms that professional politicians recognize. Her friends and her influence run through the whole fabric of political life, from the White House to the muddiest village on the east bank of the Mississippi River. She is the friend of presidents and of farm hands. She has presided at banquets in Washington and at schoolhouse suppers in Walnut Center, Illinois. On the top side, where "influence" is part of the very air, she was the only child and the constant companion of Mark Hanna, Senator from Ohio and maker of presidents. She married Medill McCormick, child of the harvesters, part owner of the most powerful reactionary newspaper in the Middle West, millionaire, and Senator from Illinois when he died in 1925. With such a position among the politically mighty, and with the affection and admiration they have for her, there was no reason why she should not have been given any honorary and ornamental job she pleased. But she did not please. Her interest lay not in appointments, but in votes.

She was made National Republican Committeewoman from Illinois, and in that position she set about the ungrateful task of "educating" voters. She went to villages and attended farm-center meetings. She drove over the deep-soiled length and breadth of Illinois, learning the local needs, and interpreting the national issues. She listened gravely to the district leader's plea for a new post office, and explained to his flock the position of the national Republican Party in regard to the World Court. And she organized her Women's Republican Clubs. Those are the groups whose existence makes the bosses shiver. Because of them, they say that Mrs. McCormick is the first woman who has built up her own machine.

She probably would not like the term, downright though she is in using plain words for simple facts. "I believe in education rather than in propaganda," she said in conversation a year ago. "It is bad theory and bad practice to subsidize any idea in a democracy. We present to the women the conflicting ideas that prevail within the party, and encourage them to think for themselves and to form their own opinions."

Her brand of "education" is interesting enough so that several thousand women, in ninety out of the hundred and two Illinois counties, are members of the clubs and pay dues to them. They are outside the regular Republican organization of the State, and party bosses have learned that they look to Mrs. McCormick for leadership. And it is never certain where she will lead them. No one is guaranteed "safe" who opposed Governor Small and fought Frank Smith in the primaries—though she supported him at the regular election. For that matter, Mrs. McCormick is "safe" from no one's point of view. The machine can't count on her and the progressives can't count on her. She has denounced the machine on occasion, and on occasion she has made alliances with its tools. As a rule she does her fighting within the party, and if she loses accepts defeat and obeys the party's orders.

She is a tall, slim woman, this uncertain power, her wrists almost transparent, her fingers long and flexible and shaped for fashioning things. Her mouth is wide and firm. A steady flame burns in the brown depths of her eyes. No mere prettiness mars the interest of her face. Mobile, vigorous, it has a fascination that transcends color and contours. She wears simple clothes, well tailored, and she forgets about them as soon as they are on.

She showed the shock of her husband's sudden death only in black clothes and shadowed eyes. She neither retired from the world to nurse her grief, nor made political capital out of her position as a Senator's widow. She had been interested in politics since childhood. She continued that interest. And if she worked a little harder, if her nerves were a bit more taut, and her slender bones a bit nearer the surface, only her friends knew that.

Myths gather quickly around a figure so able and so picturesque. The story of her childhood is assuming the proportions of a national legend, told by her friends to show how wise and how experienced she is, and by her enemies to prove that with such a background she must not be trusted. She was her famous father's playmate. A wiry, long-legged

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child, she drove over the countryside with the man who made McKinley President, and poked into his mines, or sat curled up in a corner till long past bedtime, intent on the twists and turns of conversations whose results were to affect the whole country. As she grew up she became Boss Hanna's secretary, went faithfully to the Senate and the House to listen and report on speeches, and kept regular office hours no matter how late she had been dancing the night before. She absorbed the language, the routine, and the intangible spirit of politics. Argument and a fight for power became the breath of life. Her teacher was politically the biggest man in the United States. His pupil adored him, and was flatteringly, and sometimes annoyingly, apt.

But it takes more than the accidents of parenthood and association to make such a politician as is the lady from Illinois. She is first of all a person—of force and character and individuality. Politics to her is neither a toy nor a garment to be donned for a day, but a means of expressing herself, a channel of contact between her and the world. A very articulate person, she has a concrete, salty habit of phrasing that catches and holds attention whether she is talking on a platform, in a farmyard, or from the depth of a big chair. She still curls up in chairs, folded like a carpenter's rule, slim feet under her, and fingers clasping her knees.

Her vocabulary holds the technical words of dairying and alfalfa culture as well as the language of child-raising and the phrases of politics. "I have spent my life studying the opinions of the American people," she said one day. And a moment later she was describing scientifically the chemical and physical make-up of a globule of Holstein milk. Ideas fascinate her, but she turns them instantly into practical terms. She likes the concrete and the tangible, and she abhors the kind of vague idealism that waves blurred generalities through smoky air and calls them principles. Yet she considers herself something of a crusader. She made personal studies of stockyard conditions and worked for labor legislation when it was the most unpopular thing in Illinois. She was a vivid and active figure in the suffrage fight. She bolted with the Progressives in 1912 even though it meant breaking the "Hanna creed" of party regularity.

Perhaps the keynote of this woman is the depth of emotion with which she is endowed. She is never interested in a cause or an occupation merely on the surface. There is about her no taint of the dilettante. Things that matter to her, matter intensely, and she devotes herself to them with enormous energy.

For her three children she has a depth of affection that is almost frightening. Yet she has never construed it in terms of staying with them every minute, smothering them, and winding herself into hard knots. She arranges the routine of their lives and goes about her own affairs as long as things run smoothly. But there were weeks in the winter when she broke every engagement and refused every invitation. The children were fighting measles or mastoids and no one else could take her place with them.

Her farm is neither a rich woman's toy nor was it established as a source of political capital. It grew out of the needs of her own children. Her first baby needed special milk, which no farm in Illinois could supply. Mrs. McCormick was so horrified at the dairy conditions as they then existed that she started immediate plans for a model farm. She now has twenty-two hundred acres of rolling land on the Rock River some hundred miles northwest of Chicago. This is her home, her permanent address, and her voting residence. Here she is a professional farmer, raising cattle for the Chicago market, breeding prize Holsteins, and most important to her, shipping certified milk for invalids and babies. She is trying to work out a fool-proof method of producing clean certified milk at minimum expense. In spite of expensive experiment, she keeps the farm on a self-supporting basis.

The Holstein Fresian Association of Cattlemen made her a member of its Board of Directors in recognition of her work, and for them she goes about the country holding conferences and talking over problems, equally at home in cowbarn and conference room.

All this experience has given her a high quota of the traditional political equipment. She talks to farmers on a plane of equality and understanding. She has a practiced hand with babies that transcends any masculine head-patting. Women are her friends and her supporters.

Already the tangled filings of the Illinois political situation are moving toward their magnets. The Hearst papers have always applauded Mrs. McCormick. Now Mayor Thompson, whom she has attacked in the past in phrases that should have stung a skin less hardened, has announced his support. Not out of love for her, they say, or a sudden conversion, but because he is sworn to put Rathbone, the present incumbent, on the junk-heap.

What she will do with the office of Congressman-at-large if she gets it, one would be rash who ventured to predict. She said once in private conversation that office per se had no glamor, for she had known too many politicians to have any illusion about it. "But," she added, "there might be a political situation in Illinois where I could render definite service by running for a conspicuous office. There is no patronage for a Congressman-at-large, but he can make a lot of noise."

Knowing the lady, it is at least safe to say that the noise will be interesting.

In the Driftway

AT last the Drifter has found a cause. It came in, neatly folded, in an envelope postmarked New Orleans. It was not addressed to the Drifter, but since it is well known that he has spent the best years of his life looking for a suitable cause it was immediately passed on to him. "Shady Streets for Southern Cities" is its name and the Drifter wonders why he never thought of it himself. Nevertheless he is deeply grateful to Mr. Walter Parker of New Orleans for calling it to his attention even at this late date.

* * * * *

"I AM trying to develop a new vision in the South," says Mr. Parker. "A shady Southern city is cool and comfortable in the summer. Without shade just the reverse is true. One condition promotes business. The other retards it." "New Orleans," he goes on,

> would be a far more delightful place in which to spend the long summer months were there more shade—shade over every sidewalk and shade over the principal street crossings. Before the Americans came into control, the French and Spaniards built balconies over the sidewalks. They also

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built homes with heat-resisting walls and cool, shaded courtyards. They understood our climate.

The Americans have torn down most of the picturesque balconies and they do not build cool shaded courtyards. Watch the people pass along the sunny side of any of our streets in July, August, and September. Their faces are drawn with the glare and heat; they hurry along in search of relief at the first shady corner. Then their features relax.

Every shady spot in New Orleans is fairly comfortable in July, August, and September. There is nearly always a breeze in the shade.

Let's advocate shade, more shade, and then still more shade for New Orleans;

Let's capitalize the obvious comfort of shade;

Let's make the creation of shade a cardinal principle of our lives here;

Let's convince the storekeepers that systematic planning for shade will increase their summer business; and let's teach the children to believe in cool, shady sidewalks in place of hot sunshine.

As an individual effort for the good of New Orleans I am going to advocate shade, more shade, and still more shade for New Orleans on every possible occasion.

* * * * *

THIS is an excellent cause in many ways. It has imagination. "One little acorn," Mr. Parker points out with true poetic insight, "given a chance, can grow into a mighty oak, and under that oak there will be cool, shady comfort in the warmest of weather." Moreover, it is a cause which even children can espouse with perfect safety. "Should not the schools," asks Mr. Parker, "teach the boys and girls that most of the comforts they will enjoy in this life were prepared for them by those who have gone before, and that in gratitude they should leave behind them comforts for those who will come after?" And it is a cause exactly suited to a Drifter, because it would not interfere with his drifting. Whether he sat fishing from some sunny rock in Glacier Park or camped on an island in Maine he could still be advocating "shade, more shade, and still more shade" for New Orleans. But its best recommendation is the one which Mr. Parker himself gives it. "I do not believe that such a campaign will interfere with any group's rights, privileges, or prejudices."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

For President: Jane Addams

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your fine editorial, entitled Wanted: Leadership, provokes a reply. The Progressives have a leader ready to their hand, one whose devotion to lofty ideals, combined with practical efficiency, is common knowledge.

If the masters of Big Business can get together in a hotel room and decide that the country must have a ruthless imperialist as the leading Presidential candidate, may not Progressives, who do not want war abroad, or injustice at home, also get together and nominate this priceless woman, Jane Addams, as a candidate for the highest office the nation can bestow?

Would not the affairs of the country be safer in her hands than in those of any of the men you have mentioned as the likeliest candidates in the coming contest? Jane Addams, if she were President, would really and truly keep us out of war, and she could be trusted to rectify every injustice that it was in her power to set right.

If the mere fact of her sex would prevent her election, shame on us as a nation! Men have governed the country a long time, and not with unqualified success. Now let this superb woman be invited to guide the car of state.

CAROLINE L. GOODENOUGH

Mattapoisett, Massachusetts, October 7

Some Survive Without Wine

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Heywood Broun's opinions that one finds "none but practical men in the tents of the arid," and that "You cannot have dry poets, painters, and dreamers" are so commonly held by liberals and dilettante radicals that attention should be called to their hollow and baseless character. In comparison the statement, "Without wine the soul perishes," is fairly scientific. Shelley was an abstainer and Bernard Shaw is notoriously dry.

New York, October 7 JOHN N. WASHBURNE

A Twentieth Amendment

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your publication would indubitably earn the gratitude of progressive men and women all over the world and at the same time help the people of this country to make a tremendous step toward civilization if it should sponsor an amendment to the Constitution of the United States to abolish capital punishment.

Such an amendment would lend a truer meaning to the almost stereotype passage in the Declaration of Independence: "Life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness."

If the federal government has a right to legislate what percentage of alcohol an individual may imbibe in a beverage, it surely has a right to dictate to the component commonwealths in the matter of taking human life, though taken by "due process of law."

Brooklyn, N. Y., September 28 MAX FRUCHTER

In Defense of Missions

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to reply to what Mr. Hubbard said in your issue of September 14 about the work of the Christian missions. I agree with his praise of industrial training and medical work, but this is not being done apart from Christian teaching either in missions or in government industrial schools. I do not believe in a mission confining its energies to evangelization work alone, and I would condemn any work "that tears down the belief of centuries and builds nothing in its place." . . .

It is not religious teaching, as such, that is "breaking down the homogeneity of the tribe" as much as it is the increasing contact of the African with Western civilization and industrialism. The moral and social chaos in African society today comes from the conflict of the group idea of the African tribal life with our conception of society as made up of individuals. The African thrust into this new society loses his regard for and belief in the old tribal taboos, inhibitions, superstitions, and belief in spirits, and has nothing to take their place. Here is the place of the mission and its Christian training, to replace the lost things with the Christian gospel in its fulness so that moral and social chaos will not be the fate of African society.

In conclusion let me give an example of cooperation between missions and government, and this is only one of the many that might be given: In Southern Rhodesia from among a native population of 800,000 there are more than 90,000 boys and girls attending mission schools, which are partially sup-

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ported by grants from the government of more than £30,000 annually. There are about 275 boys in two government industrial schools supported wholly by the government. The British colonial governments believe in Christian education for the African.

Oberlin, Ohio, September 12 FRANK T. MEACHAM,
Of the American Board Mission, Chikore, M. S.,
S. Rhodesia, Africa

Testimonials

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: By order of the Committee of the Library our subscription to *The Nation* is hereby canceled.

Boston, August 29 RICHARD RAY, JR.,
Librarian, Boston Y. M. C. A.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Although the Exchange Club's subscription to *The Nation* does not expire until January 1, 1928, you are hereby instructed to send no more issues after this date. Our Board of Governors are not willing to have our reading-table longer disgraced by your paper.

Boston, August 27 JOHN P. MACY,
Superintendent Exchange Club of Boston

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Please cancel my subscription to your paper. There are a few worth-while things which have not been attacked as yet by *The Nation.*

GLADYS M. METCALFE, ROBERT D. METCALFE
Worcester, Massachusetts, August 29

SIR: I am writing to order that the McLeansboro High School be stricken from your list of subscribers. The youth of our land have enough lures to anarchy without placing in their pathway so dangerous a publication as *The Nation.*

McLeansboro, Illinois, September 12 J. B. BOSWELL,
Superintendent of Schools

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Inclosed find money order for $5 to cover a year's subscription to *The Nation.*

As a former member of the Young Men's Christian Union I take this means of protesting against the cancelation reported in your issue of September 14. I hope that for every such cancelation you may receive a hundred subscriptions. You may have lost a few "friends" by your intelligent and courageous stand on the Sacco-Vanzetti case, but you have probably gained more. I shall spread the gospel of *The Nation* among as many "young men of this community" as I can.

Jamaica Plain, Mass., September 27 CARL ANTHONSEN

Contributors to This Issue

MILDRED ADAMS is a frequent contributor to current periodicals.

DOROTHY THOMPSON is the Berlin correspondent of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger.*

RAYMOND CLAPPER is in the Washington office of the United Press.

W. Y. ELLIOTT is in the department of government at Harvard.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES is pastor of the Community Church in New York.

TALBOT FAULKNER HAMLIN is author of "The American Spirit in Architecture" and other books.

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Books and Plays

Poem

By CHARD POWERS SMITH

I'm looking for a fellow Pan
Who's partly goat and mostly man,
And so I built my cottage here
To hear him piping in the weir,
To hear him humming in the bees,
And hear him whisper in the trees.
O peace immeasurable that sings
In the great soul of simple things!
One impulse from a vernal wood—
To stand here where a deer has stood
To drink at dawn! To hear the fall
Of evening dewing over all!
To watch the distant planets move!
And hear birds roosting chirp of love!
To watch the fiddling Summer slide
To Autumn, and to hear the stride
Of thundering Winter, and in rain
To feel the Spring come back again!
Something there is—a glimpse of all—
And yet—O Spring! O Summer! Fall!
O Winter! Once more everything—
O Summer! Fall! Ah Winter! Spring.
Trees, brooks, and birds, and flowers, and bees!
And bees and flowers, birds, brooks, and trees!
To wonder always, more and more!
O wonderful! Ah wonderful!
Oh! Ah! Oh! Ah! O God, how dull!
What was it I was looking for?

Fascism Before the Bar of History

The Fascist Dictatorship in Italy. By Gaetano Salvemini. Henry Holt and Company. $3.

TO those who still believe that there is an ultimate power in the moral conscience of men Professor Salvemini has seemed since the deaths of Matteotti and Amendola to be the most dangerous surviving enemy of Fascism. This book, the most effective indictment yet drawn up against Fascist methods and Fascist "facts," carries all the weight of a trained historian's expert documentation. It is primarily an appeal, passionate even in its restraint, to the conscience of the world for a verdict against the protected lawlessness of the Fascist state which is shielded behind the "movie" façade of the Mussolini myth.

Perhaps no single factor in that gradual shift of journalistic and informed opinion to a verdict against Mussolini which seems to be taking place both in England and in this country has been so great as Professor Salvemini's speeches and writing. Even the London *Times* has recently come into line. The anti-Fascist center in Paris has affected opinion very little in the English-speaking countries. With the exception of William Bolitho and James Murphy, few accredited correspondents had the background or the backing for a searching exposé of Fascism as it worked upon Italians—not tourists. Only Don Sturzo and Salvemini, among the political exiles, spoke authoritatively of Italy to England and America—and Don Sturzo has until lately been silent.

"The Fascist Dictatorship in Italy" does not pretend to impartiality and it loses force at times through an unwillingness to see any possible good in its Fascist enemies. Professor Salvemini is here a prosecuting attorney. His aim is to present a smashing case, documenting it with an overwhelming mass of evidence, in order to give the lie once and for all to the suppressions and evasions that have represented Fascism to world opinion. Against the myth-makers and the glozers over (like Luigi Villari) of the disreputable origins and dubious motives of the Mussolinian groups of ex-combatants of 1919-1920, Professor Salvemini opposes a picture of the reality of Italian post-war neurasthenia. Even Fascist heroes were advocating the occupation of unproductive land and factories by the workers, the confiscation of war profits, a National Constituent Assembly to be the Italian section of an International, universal suffrage of both sexes, abolition of the senate, the nobility, the crown, and compulsory military service, and a generally syndicalist program. Fascism, so far as Mussolini spoke for it in the *Popolo d'Italia*, was still congratulating the workers on the general railway strike in January and viewing benevolently the occupation of the metallurgical industries in the fall of 1920.

It was, according to this convincing picture, rather the failure of Bolshevism than its danger that loosed Fascism on Italy. Mussolini criticized Socialism from the left as an ineffectual revolutionary force, until social revolution was shown to be impossible; then he veered rapidly to the most reactionary attitude of the right—toward the nationalists. Universal suffrage as a safety valve plus the Christian-Democratic (*Popolare*) Party as a means of dividing the Italian peasantry really prevented the organization of direct action in the immediate aftermath of the war, when the disillusioned populace was in a mood to collect part, at least, of what all parties had so rashly promised during the war. Even proportional representation, by braking the socialist victory, helped save the day.

It is certain, on Mussolini's own witness, that by the summer of 1921 all threat of Communism in Italy had passed. What the anti-Fascists hardly are willing to admit, Professor Salvemini among them, is that the brake worked too well. No ministry could accomplish a coherent program so long as the Socialists on one wing were completely revolutionary and on the other were controlled by an incoherent group of 150 or more deputies who refused to cooperate with any ministry; and so long as Don Sturzo's Popolari were unwilling at all costs to back the parliamentary aims and methods of the Giollitians, the only other considerable group.

However, Professor Salvemini pretty conclusively spikes the ascription on the one hand of economic paralysis to parliamentarism and on the other of economic regeneration to Fascism. He shows that quite inevitable economic forces produced the budgetary deficits of 1920-23; that the balance of trade was less unfavorable than it has become under Fascism; that a popular loan in 1920 produced 18 milliards of lire, without bludgeons; that, in return for a fancied economic and social security, the rulers of Italy—king, army, even some Liberals—discarded patience and welcomed the treatment of a national state of nerves by the castor-oil-and-cudgel method, followed by a regimen of absolutism, terrorism, and espionage superior to anything that Metternich ever thought possible.

He makes an important charge (one made also by Bolitho and Murphy), that Fascism was encouraged by Giolitti, Bonomi, and Fera in 1920-21, and that arms were liberally provided by the army officers with official connivance in order to reduce the Popolare and the Socialist strength by a "white-guard" counter-offensive.

The other charges, which constitute the bulk of the volume, are more specific and better supported by evidence—including facsimile reproductions of Mussolini's own orders. They picture a reign of organized and protected lawlessness quite unparalleled in a modern state. The electoral terrorism before Fascism found it convenient completely to repudiate balloting as a means of invoking consent, and the formidable list of killings, assaults, terrorizations, and exiles will, most of them, be novel only to those who have not followed the Fascist story.

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But no such record as is here presented has before been available.

On only one serious point is the book open to criticism. It expresses, as accurately as an indictment can, the incidents and the nature of Fascism in its early period; it exposes the protected violence that has not ceased with the deaths of Matteotti, Forni, Misuri, Amendola, Pilati, Consolo, and a host of others. It shows the authorized nature of outrages, the complete suppression of press criticism and free association, the deliberate character of a reign of terror through hostages, mob violence, and exile, that has silenced all internal efforts at criticism or constitutional opposition. But it is probably subject to the suspicion of regarding Mussolini as merely a puppet who was loosed by the militarists and reactionary timidity of war-profiteers and is still worked by them. This is to underestimate the man, for he has outgrown his origins and has gone in for a degree of state control of all economic forces that demands a playing off of labor against industrialists, as well as of industrialists against labor, and a subordination of the military caste to the Fascist Grand Council, backed by the militia of the Black-Shirts. It is also to underestimate the danger of Fascism as a phenomenon which, having seized power to the accompaniment of a sense of relief among the bourgeoisie, soon sheds all pretense of responsibility to any opinion whatever.

The result is, as Professor Salvemini terms it, "moral anarchy," but it is a much more disciplined despotism than appears in this view of the dictatorship. It is not so lacking in direction as to amount to legal anarchy.

For those to whom the punctuality of trains, the disciplining of labor, and the balancing of the budget are a sufficient offset to any methods, Professor Salvemini has in store another volume, to be published shortly, in which he promises to deal equally roundly with the myth of the "Corporative State" and its parallel of Fascist efficiency. To a public in whose eyes efficiency seems to outweigh such matters as justice, abstract or concrete, and to recompense any attack on constitutionalism, in theory or practice, this second line of defense is more necessary to breach than the first. Fascism can afford, it seems, to treat with frank cynicism any peccadillos such as political murder and the espionage of a Cheka. What it really fears is an exposé of an alarmingly adverse trade balance, a serious drop in the value of industrial shares and governmental loans, an increase in bankruptcies and bank failures, and a partial stagnation of industry. If Professor Salvemini can point to these or to Mussolini's new tendency to fix prices, he may stir American opinion where stirring counts.

W. Y. Elliott

Pure Novel

The Counterfeiters. By André Gide. Translated from the French by Dorothy Bussy. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

GIDE'S definition of what he terms "the pure novel" is a very simple one: a long prose narrative involving a conflict of characters and a conflict of ideas. A perfect projection of this double conflict presupposes the exclusion of all those elements "which do not belong specifically to the novel." These elements are, roughly speaking, comprised in the realist-naturalist credo which has been so often attacked that it hardly seems worth while to dwell on its articles: detail, local color, atmosphere, sociologic background, a faithful rendering of life as seen rather than as felt. In form the realist's novel tends to the horizontal biographic outline of Bennett and Dreiser; and in its conception of character it lays itself open to the charge made by Gide: that the author has not affected that degree of depersonalization which makes it possible for him to be unaware of the next move or thought of his creation.

Against all this certain modern writers have set their faces and their minds. We may note briefly the elements which have instigated their revolt. First, there has been an inevitable impatience with the intellectual view of the older men. This view (and the structure and theme of the novels embodying it) was based, in one way or another, upon the consciousness of class and class struggle ("The Forsyte Saga," "Buddenbrooks," "An American Tragedy") and normally tended to express itself in some form of democratic liberalism (Wells, Zola). Now it so happens that the social and economic struggle which we see about us has stated itself so clearly in actuality that it has ceased to contain that element of speculation (otherwise known as poetry) which makes it available for art. In the same way, the panacea that was supposed to provide a resolution for that struggle has now been proved futile—the modern novelist, if he desires to be modern, is forced to deny the humanitarian faith of his predecessors. The first reason, therefore, for his artistic revolt was a conviction that the idea-world of Wells and Shaw has, for both poetic and practical purposes, been completely exhausted.

Consequently he was driven to a search for new creative material and a new creative form. At this point he met, by a happy accident, with a powerful ally. The discoveries of modern psychology permitted him to fashion a subtler narrative pattern with which to replace the traditional biographic outline; and they furnished him with a more flexible and exciting method of approaching human emotions, as well as providing him with an entirely new realm of emotion in itself.

The employment of this method finally led him to the recognition of the fact (known long ago by the Greek dramatists and the classic Frenchmen) that you do not make people real by presenting them realistically. With this perception the case against the nineteenth- and early twentieth-century novel may be said to be reasonably complete; and the effort to construct a really modern novel began, an effort which was to produce Joyce, Proust, Gide, and practically all the intelligent contemporary writers of fiction, including one or two Americans.

Unless all this is kept in mind the importance of "The Counterfeiters" may be minimized or entirely overlooked. For, if we consider it merely from the point of view of technique, it may be said to be a breviary for modern novelists. In the cases of Joyce and Proust the peculiarly intense quality of the author's personality is likely to dominate all other impressions; but this is not so with Gide where the lyrical intrusion is of a most soft-footed and undisturbing type. In "The Counterfeiters," then, we see held in solution a well-nigh perfect example of the revolt described in the preceding paragraphs. In it we observe the abandonment of the sociologic-humanitarian theme, the employment (but tactfully and quietly) of the vertical exploratory psychologic method, the denial of realism as an instrument for the projection of life. On these three counts Gide rests his famous conception of the *roman pur*—a conception which has its rough analogue in the pure anti-literary aesthetic of the modernist painters.

It has not been easy for Gide to arrive at his goal. In his preceding works (to which he cannily refuses to accord the title novel) he fell a victim to the siren attractions of his own theory. His zeal for purgation was so fanatic that his narratives had a frigid and intellectual air. He made one of two mistakes: either he started with an obsessing idea (that of the unmotivated crime, for example), in which case his characters tended to be functions of a series of *intellectual* conflicts; or (and here his Huguenot ancestry comes to the fore) he presented his characters schematically, projecting them through the operation of a series of *moral* conflicts. In both cases he was merely applying his own definition of the novel as a conflict of ideas and a conflict of characters (for characters are always moral characters to Gide), but he was applying it crudely. The joints showed.

This is not the case with the rich and passionate texture of "The Counterfeiters." Here the double conflict is always implied but never actually exposed, though the book is full of dialectic. It must not be supposed from what has been said that "The Counterfeiters" is a *tour de force;* indeed, no descrip-

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tion could be more inapposite. On the contrary its outstanding quality (and one which cannot be here treated as its recognition is so largely a subjective matter) is its tremendous emotional impact. Before this its mere technical achievement pales; but it has seemed to the present reviewer advisable to suggest that achievement rather than to attempt a summary of the actual substance of a book which is too complicated to allow of brief analysis. All the writer can do is simply to record his feeling that, with the exceptions of "Ulysses" and "The Magic Mountain," no other modern novel has so profoundly moved him; and to record his conviction that "The Counterfeiters" is definitely among the great novels of at least our own time.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

The Immortal Nazarene

Jesus: A New Biography. By Shirley Jackson Case. University of Chicago Press. $3.

THE first thing to be said about this "new biography" is that it is not a biography. I think of a biography in terms of such works as Southey's "Nelson," Trevelyan's "John Bright," Sandburg's "Lincoln," or Renan's "Jesus." In each such case we have a noble edifice of narrative reared from an exhaustive study of available sources of information. But this preliminary study—the gathering, sifting, assembling, and preparing of material—is no more a part of the completed work than the stone quarry, the steel foundry, the steam-shovel, derricks, and scaffolding are a part of a completed building. What we want in a biography is a story, as what we want in building construction is a hotel, a courthouse, or a cathedral. In the case of Jesus the sources are so few, the information so scant, the story so doubtful, that the temptation is almost irresistible to weight down a biography of the Nazarene with lengthy and scholarly discussions of the Gospels, Jewish history in the time of Jesus, the early Christian Church, etc. Professor Case has yielded to this temptation. His first chapter is a thoroughgoing study of the origin, character, and inter-relation of what he calls the "ancient biographies" of Jesus. The second chapter is an illuminating discussion of the difficulties involved, and the critical methods that must be used, in getting back to "the historical Jesus." Then comes a long and exceptionally clear presentation of "Jewish life in Palestine" at the opening of the Christian era. Not until the fourth chapter, on page 160, do we come to the story of Jesus's life; and then the narrative stream, like a river in sand, flows with difficulty through the ever-present study of material. All of which means that Professor Case's "Jesus" is not a biography of Jesus but a study in New Testament criticism. It classifies with Strauss, not with Renan; with Nathaniel Schmidt's stupendous "The Prophet of Nazareth," not with Mary Austin's colorful "The Man Jesus."

In saying this we would make it plain that we are offering a definition, not an indictment. We are classifying, not condemning Professor Case's work. For, placed in its own field, seen in its own true character, this latest study of Jesus is a book of the first importance. Written by a great scholar with thorough knowledge of his subject, and in a spirit of dignity and reverence, this volume may be regarded as the last word on what we know about the Nazarene today, and how we know it. As it is the most recent, so it is the best book now available on the life and teachings of Jesus.

Professor Case tells us that he wrote "with a single purpose in mind"—namely, "to depict Jesus as he actually appeared to the men of his own time in Palestine nineteen hundred years ago." The enormous difficulties in the way of recovering such a picture are frankly and fully stated. The author makes more than ordinarily clear the ulterior purposes which went into the writing of the Gospels and other early sources—the effort made not only by "John" but by "Mark" to present Jesus in such a way as to meet the special needs of the early Christian movement in the Gentile world. What we have in the Gospels, after all, is not so much a statement of what Jesus said and did, as a revelation of what certain Christians, generations after his death, thought, or hoped, or believed he said and did. Such biography or history as there is in the New Testament is almost hopelessly overladen with missionary propaganda. That Jesus *was* we know, as Professor Case has himself shown us in his earlier work on "The Historicity of Jesus"; *what* Jesus was, however, must remain forever a matter of speculation.

Professor Case sees in Jesus a young man of vigorous personality and prophetic enthusiasm, caught up on the one hand by a mystic consciousness of God and on the other by a vision of the imminence of God's Kingdom upon earth, giving himself as a leader of his people to the proclamation of this Kingdom and the preparation of mankind for its advent. At no time did Jesus think himself to be the Davidic Messiah—Professor Case is emphatic in his conviction that this idea was foisted upon the record by his believing disciples. Neither was Jesus a miracle-worker, a divine or supernatural being in any sense of the word. The Virgin Birth, the Resurrection, the wonders, all are relegated in this book, almost without discussion, to the limbo of fantasy and legend. The Jesus of history, not the Christ of dogma, is what concerns Professor Case, and this Jesus is a man, inspired by genius, but saturated none the less in the thoughts, habits, and movements of his age.

It is a fortunate thing that a book of this authoritative character has appeared at just this time. What with the sanctimonious sentimentalisms of Papini on the one side and the superficial vulgarisms of Bruce Barton on the other, the Nazarene is in danger of being lost anew in the superstitions of the twentieth century, which are not less dangerous than those of the first. Professor Case has called us back to facts. Would that we had another Renan to make such facts once again a part of popular literature.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

A Bold Book

New Backgrounds for a New Age. By Edwin Avery Park. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.

OVER the caldron of modernity, where the forces and materials of a changing life boil seethingly into transition, hangs a turbid fog exhaled therefrom, shot through with strange nostalgic lights—the fog wistfulness. Even Professor Park's daring and important attempt to formulate a complete philosophy of modernist art and its relation to us all is colored deeply with it. His attempts to pierce it, to ignore it, to confute it, rise themselves occasionally to that bitterness only existent in those fighting an enemy whose claws they know only too well.

Yet any attempt of this type is magnificently worth while, and Professor Park brings to this search a knowledge and a synthetic imagination rare enough in artistic criticism. He sees, as so many critics forget, that the truth of created beauty lies not only in questions of technique, or of the artists' individual vision, or of schools of thought, but also, and more, in the entire sensitiveness of created form to the life which creates it—in "those underlying and mutable factors governing its development." So it is that the chapters American Aesthetics Today, and Industrial Democracy and Art, become among the most vital and exciting examinations of industrialism in modern life that this reviewer knows; seen, strangely enough, not as problems sociological or economic, not as statistics, but from the synthetic and aloof viewpoint of artistic emotion. Speed, hope, questioning: these are the positive qualities the author finds dominant; and, for their opposites, exasperation, weariness, a hatred for reality that makes us long for a masquerade environment as a relief from the struggle of today. Confronted with the terrific complexity of civilization a man today is like "a tired person confronting an enormous pile of soiled dishes to be washed, sorted, stacked, and put

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away. . . ." So advertising "fosters the cult of the unreal, and deadens any effort to be honest." So today the artist, once supported by, and serving, the educated aristocrat, is now the servant of the great populace and the middle man, and beauty of the old order dies under such a regime.

Yet new beauty is being born. Here again Professor Park seeks its essence surely and rightly in modern life. "As the symbol of our age," he says, "I conceive a man standing solitary with outstretched arms, and face upraised beneath the noon sky. There are no long shadows. Everywhere objects stand revealed pitilessly in the brilliant bath of light. There are few secrets—little save the eternal mystery of life, which is the upturned face." And it is directly in the pitiless clarity of this light that the seeds of modern beauty are engendered. This modern beauty is simple, direct, non-sentimental, stark. It inclines to the geometric. It is impersonal, and a little cruel, yet it is vital and alive. This beauty is without connotation; abstraction is one of its aims. It is to the discovery of this new beauty, this beauty of efficiency, of science, of the aeroplane or the automobile, of commercial buildings, that this book is dedicated.

And as such its importance in America today can hardly be overestimated. Its chapters on American Decorators and Craftsmen, enlightening as they are, are thorough and illustrative; and its examination of modern aesthetics and modern art education, and the failure of modern art to build a home in which modernism shall serve us and not master us, all this is new and stimulating and a little bitter. And it is, moreover, written in a style vivid, epigrammatic, and itself modern, unconventional in its occasional disregard of general usage.

One question alone remains to this reviewer; and it is a question that no modernist critic has as yet answered. Professor Park hints that there is more beauty in an automobile than in twenty museums. Is then a man to feel the thrill of beauty only in reference to its creation? If "The Eve of Saint Agnes" were written today would it be less beautiful? Or if you or I should come suddenly upon the tremendous repose of the Olympia pediments, should we refuse to worship because they are not an aeroplane or a Cézanne?

TALBOT FAULKNER HAMLIN

Books in Brief

Plutarch's Moralia, Volume I. Translated by F. C. Babbitt. *The Geography of Strabo, Volume IV.* Translated by H. L. Jones. *Cicero: Pro Lege Manilia, Pro Caecina, Pro Cluentio, Pro Rabirio, Perduellionis. Aristotle: The Poetics. "Longinus": On the Sublime. Demetrius: On Style.* Translated by W. Hamilton Fyfe and W. Rhys Roberts. Loeb Classical Library. Four volumes. $2.50 each. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Of these new volumes in a great series the last is the most welcome, grouping as it does three of the most famous treatises in criticism ever written.

Other Doors. By Ann Linington. Poughkeepsie, N. Y.: Vassar Cooperative Bookshop.

A mildly distinguished little volume of undergraduate verse, published, as more such verse should be, under campus auspices.

Edgar Allan Poe. Tales of Mystery. Poems and Miscellanies. Oxford Edition of Standard Authors. Oxford University Press. Two volumes. Each 3/6.

A convenient though necessarily incomplete edition of Poe.

The Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man. By James Weldon Johnson. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

A welcome reprint of this classic in Negro literature and life, issued some years ago anonymously.

American Poetry, 1927. A Miscellany. By Sixteen Authors. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

To the poets honored in this annual volume are now added Robinson Jeffers, Archibald MacLeish, Léonie Adams, and Nathalia Crane.

Celibate Lives. By George Moore. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

A reissue for a popular audience of the work "In Single Strictness," with the omission of "Hugh Monfert" and the inclusion of the story from "A Story-teller's Holiday" called "Albert Nobbs."

Great Poems of the English Language. Compiled by Wallace Alvin Briggs. Robert M. McBride and Company. $7.50.

A huge anthology, more trustworthy in its selections from the standard authors than in those from modern poets in England and America.

I Think I Remember. By Magdalen King-Hall. D. Appleton and Company. $2.

The burlesque memoirs of "An Ordinary English Snob and Gentleman" by the author of the successful hoax called "The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion." The supposed subject (who tells his own story) comes of an old family whose motto is "I grabbe what I cann and hold it for the common weal," and he considers the introduction of fish-knives into good society the most remarkable change brought about by the late war. The book is amusing in spite of the fact that the author allows herself greater latitude in her burlesque than she did when she was attempting to maintain sufficient verisimilitude to make deceit successful.

Drama

Black Ecstasy

THOSE who have watched the Negro actor on Broadway must often have observed how fundamentally the character of his art differs from that of his white fellows. Put him as a subsidiary character in a play for and about a white society and he is likely to be either merely incompetent or so authentically his own natural self that he destroys for the moment all the illusion which art has built up, since the subdued traditions of our conventional drama and the intellectualized dialogue which for generations we have cultivated are so little natural to him that when he tries to adapt himself the effect is of something merely feeble and amateurish. Permit him, on the other hand, to express himself in terms more nearly his own and he is in a moment transformed. He is not accustomed to translate his deepest emotions into words and he does not speak well even the words which others have written for him if the meaning of those words depends upon a logical coherence defining a thought; but it is in supplying their deficiencies that he excels. What he cannot say he can with unmatchable eloquence shout, or sing, or dance, for he has at his command all those means of expression which we, too long accustomed to be dumb with all but our tongues, have allowed ourselves to forget. A banal colloquialism issues from his mouth with an intonation which makes it say all that the mere words were impotent to say; his shoulders, more eloquent than a Latin's, can have fathomless despair written upon them; and in his legs is an ecstasy.

Ecstasy seems, indeed, to be his natural state. While our own actors pant after an emotion and must depend for their outburst upon elaborately learned tricks he, on the contrary, is good only when some utter abandonment is to be portrayed. He may move awkwardly, almost uncomprehendingly, through level scenes which the most mediocre of general utility men could carry off with competence, but he leaps with an effortless ease into a crisis and surrenders himself to joy, to terror, or to grief as to a native element. And above all he catches the con-

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tagion of a group. His voice swells with the swelling of other voices; his body catches the rhythm of a crowd; and he reveals an instinctive sense for participation in an emotion larger than his comprehension. One searches for a word to describe his abandonment and one discovers that the word is Dionysian—that his gift is a gift for drama in a form more primitive as well as, perhaps, more purely dramatic than that of our conventional stage which is no more than a platform where the decorous conversations of decorous life are recited. He is drunk, as the followers of Dionysus were drunk, with emotions that words cannot convey, and he dances or shouts his ecstasy.

Fortunately the dramatization of the novel "Porgy" which the Theater Guild has caused to be acted at its own theater by a large company composed almost entirely of Negroes is one which affords a great many opportunities for just such casting. Most of the action takes place either in the courtyard of a swarming Charleston tenement known as Catfish Row or in the room of one of its denizens where the community gathers to hold a wake over a murdered man; and the effects are created by a succession of mass scenes in the course of which the performers, abandoning themselves with almost equal completeness to the excitement of a crap game and the frenzy of a religious excitement, succeed in conveying to the spectator a sense of life in a community which, for all its ignorance and squalor, lives passionately and as a unit. The whole is, indeed, a highly interesting and, in part, very successful attempt to translate a novel into purely theatrical terms, and if the method were carried only a little further it would result in a type of play in which ordinary dialogue had been completely replaced by the pageant, the pantomime, and the chant of the ritualistic drama. When it fails of its effect it does so because it has not quite sufficiently mastered its own method to enable it to dispense wholly with more conventional devices; because it seems to remember from time to time that it has a story to tell and because it pauses, much as a musical comedy often pauses, to tell it with unfortunate results. When it does so we descend quickly from ecstasy to melodrama and exchange the moving authenticity of genuine passions for the meager emotions of a rather artificial tale. "Porgy," like the actors who play it, is most successful when it attempts what appears to be the most difficult tasks. It soars with ease, but when it walks it stumbles.

Ever since the days of "The Bat" and its kind New York has been accustomed to have its dramatic horrors spoofed by the author, but in "Dracula" (Fulton Theater) it is again asked to take them straight. The play, made from Bram Stoker's well-known tale of the vampire and his victim, is not done with any remarkable subtlety, but it has its shivers. "Hidden" (Longacre Theater), Freudian tale of the havoc wrought by a girl who did not know that she was in love with her sister's husband, has a good deal of a case-book's interest, but in spite of the good acting of Beth Merrill it never seems quite to reach the effects it is aiming at.

Several of the new musical comedies are better than the average. "Just Fancy" (Casino Theater) is made from a rather naively romantic play by A. E. Thomas dealing with the days when Prince Edward fluttered American hearts, and though it is decorously innocuous it is prettily staged and it has Raymond Hitchcock to help make it amusing. At the Cosmopolitan the imperturbable Balieff is again presenting the Chauve Souris company in a new program. But best of all is "The Five O'clock Girl" (Forty-fourth Street Theater). It is both tuneful and witty, and has in Al Shaw, Sam Lee, and Pert Kelton three most unusual comedians. In Louis Bromfield's "House of Women" (Maxine Elliott Theater) Nance O'Neil, Helen Freeman, and Elsie Ferguson contribute extraordinary acting to a rather unimpressive story. "High Gear" (Wallack's Theater) tells with crudity and feeble humor the difficulties a young married couple encounter in entertaining an uncle from the West.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Labor's League of Nations Explodes

By HEBER BLANKENHORN

Paris, September 15

AFTER a week of dramatic sessions—whose significance was hidden rather than advertised in the press—labor's league of nations has dissolved in disagreement.

The delegates of thirteen million people, from twenty-five different political divisions of the world (including Canada but excluding the United States), fell between two stools: a red one, Russia, and a supposedly gold one, America. How their old organization will pick itself up, and which direction it will turn—east or west—may be as important, ultimately, as are those conferences of Baldwins, Poincarés, Mellons, etc., whose grand gatherings at Geneva, or quiet chats elsewhere, are reported as world events.

Labor's league is much the older, antedating that of Geneva by two decades. It is the International Federation of Trade Unions, the "I. F. T. U., or "Amsterdam," from its headquarters. Once it was modest enough for a beer-hall to contain its "world congresses"—usually in Germany where its headquarters formerly were. This August its triennial assembly was held in the Grand Palais, the big exhibition hall off the Champs Elysées in Paris. Its banquet was at Versailles.

A few ex-cabinet ministers were among the 175 delegates, from Labor Governments which had ruled Britain, Denmark, Sweden, Germany, or shared power in countries like Belgium. But the I. F. T. U. delegates met primarily as trade unionists, rather resentful of "interference" from even their own political parties. For politics they have another league, the Labor and Socialist International, scorned as the "Two and a Half" by its lesser rival, the "Third" in Moscow. The I. F. T. U. delegates referred to their home organizations, the unions, as the ones which create, finance, and manage the more showy political parties. More "direct" action than operates through legislatures was the concern of the I. F. T. U.

For example here sat Austrian trade-union leaders whose members recently broke their discipline to burn up the Law Courts "which were hatching Fascism." Yonder sat the German chiefs of railroaders, public-service unions, and the like, who a few years back, when Kapp's army seized Berlin and the government was in flight from town to town, ordered the general strike which strangled the monarchists—whom soldiery could not have beaten. Here at the British tables sat the very men whose orders some years ago stopped dead a threatened war with Russia and who last year conducted unsuccessfully a general strike which was a nine-days' wonder. The failure of that strike, and the resultant weakness of the four and half millions of British trade unionists, was the real cause back of the turn of events in the congress.

A black brother for the first time was present, Clements Kadalie, organizer of his race in the Union of South Africa. The congress recognized his claim for support against oppressors, chiefly the white skilled trade unions! Kadalie sails this autumn for the United States. Three other dark faces were guests from the All-India Trade Union Congress. For the first time Argentina had a full-fledged delegation. From Mexico as an invited guest had come Samuel O. Yudico, railroader, and right-hand man of Morones. An invitation to send a guest-delegate had been declined by President Green of the American Federation of Labor. Russia was not invited. In this line-up of new members, guests, and absentees was contained the germ of the fight which tore the congress to pieces.

For the great question before them was—which way to march, to complete their federation as a "world" league? East, to Russia? West, to the United States? Or south to Latin America, Australia, China? Though 13,000,000 are in the I. F. T. U., outside are the 3,000,000 of the A. F. of L.; the 9,500,000 of Russia; the 1,500,000 of the Mexican federation (CROM); and many smaller powerful federations like the Australian, and weak but portentous movements like the various Chinese. When the I. F. T. U. was reconstituted after the war the American Federation was a member but withdrew partly because of intense personal antipathies between the late Mr. Gompers and M. Thomas, the present director of the (Geneva) International Labor Organization; largely, however, because the science of world cooperation of labor is no more developed than is that of governments. The League of Nations stands deadlocked at about the same place as the I. F. T. U., a little behind perhaps, since Germany has been in the I. F. T. U. since 1919.

"To get men to think together is the hardest thing in the world." In the realm of labor, cooperation is a science where highbrow writers have scored mostly failures; it is a workingman's job. Workingmen and "statesmen," working together, in 1919 achieved the establishment of the International Labor Organization. It in turn has achieved at least one thing more solid than has the League—its own huge office "palace" on the shores of Lake Geneva. The Labor Section in that office, and in its world conferences, has been clearly dominated by the I. F. T. U.

There are in existence twenty-seven trade federations—miners, metal-workers, transport-workers, wood-workers, builders, post and telegraph, and so forth. These are affiliated with the I. F. T. U., and have three representatives on its board. American trade unions are joining these trade federations in increasing numbers. The carpenters have joined the wood-workers, the machinists the metal-workers, and various railway brotherhoods have approached the transport-workers. One of these twenty-seven has admitted the Russians—the food-workers. The trade federations thus repeat the history of pulling and hauling—east vs. west—of the I. F. T. U.

Of course the belief that going east means toward revolution, and west away from it, lay behind the whole debate. But in the immediate foreground was chiefly a question of stand-patters against progressives. Some in the I. F. T. U. were anxious to keep out anything big, lest it upset their balance of power. The I. F. T. U. balance of power is important to others besides labor leaders in Europe. Foreign offices and cabinets keep a sharp eye on it. Amsterdam policies confront governments at Geneva conferences. Amsterdam demands monopolize the agenda of Geneva annual labor parliamentary proceedings, surely the most deliberate and involved of any legislative body in the world. Statesmen liked to see I. F. T. U. executives, Oudegeest, Jouhaux, Mertens, Poulton, arriving on schedule in Geneva, and these leaders visibly enjoyed their equality with governments

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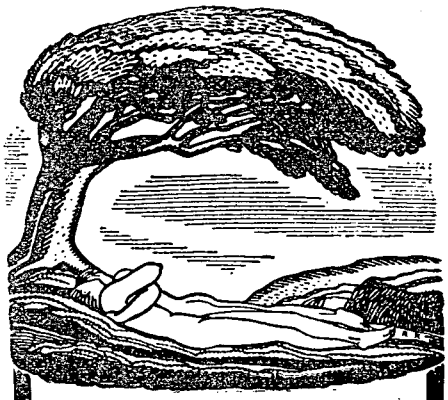

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there, even when voicing labor dissatisfaction with Genevan results. The balance of power, "so serviceable to European stabilization," had survived years of criticism from Moscow without much worry, but in recent months it had been seriously threatened by the restiveness and enterprise of a member group, the British trade unions.

To try to "defeat the British" had become almost a habit of certain national groups in I. F. T. U. meetings, a habit readily met with efforts to "defeat the French" or "hold the Germans." Thus the congress assembled in a great glassed hall where redness was confined to a circle of vivid banners and to the red posies in the geranium pots on delegations' tables, while internationalism and universal brotherhood as expounded in the opening address of President Purcell instantly turned those desideratums into myths for the rest of the session.

Three of those on the platform became the center of the melee. One was Jan Oudegeest (Holland), "the old man," senior secretary of the I. F. T. U., the ruddy-faced, stocky, former railroader who had become the walking embodiment of "Amsterdam" in the halls of Geneva. Another was young John Brown, the English-language secretary, a lean, distinguished face marked by an odd twist of the lip. The third, A. A. Purcell, M. P., had succeeded J. H. Thomas as head of the I. F. T. U. when Thomas had become a member of His Majesty's Labor Government. Continental colleagues deemed Purcell a notable, and trying, contrast to Thomas. Purcellian energy, arrogance, and individualism had offended them almost as much as had his habits of visiting Russia, the United States, and Mexico.

These countries were the heart of Purcell's "keynote" speech, together with China, India, and South America, and such countries as Australia and Mexico which have refused to join the I. F. T. U. until Russia has been admitted to membership. Purcell's speech had nothing stand-pat in it; very "left," as Europeans term it. Just the sort of pronouncement the British unions "had no right to make," considering their year of defeat and demoralization.

During the lumbering process of translation, while the speech was re-thundered in French and in German, with side groups listening to it in Scandinavian, Polish, Czech, and other tongues, there was visible disturbance among Oudegeest's neighbors: Jouhaux, the portly head of French non-Communist unions; Mertens (Belgium), the tall docker from Antwerp, now floor leader of the Labor section at Geneva conferences; and the elderly, silent Leipart (Germany), whose face looks like a scientist's forever stooped over a microscope. Jouhaux took advantage of his "welcome to Paris" speech to disavow Purcell's keynote, in behalf of all the executives except Purcell and Brown. In the name of brotherliness, Purcell was no brother of theirs.

At that the British delegation—and some of them had looked uncomfortable over Purcell's tone—rose as one. In a hubbub they refused to countenance any attacks on Purcell. They were well-schooled in the Marxian rule that "an injury to one (Britisher) is an injury to all." The British rising stampeded France and Belgium into furious counter-attack to save the stand-pat fort. Mertens and Jouhaux represented the whole British policy, culminating in Secretary Brown, as "intrigue" and sabotage of the "true I. F. T. U. policies." Last year's international labor delegation to Mexico, invited by the unions and Government there, was termed the handiwork of Brown, with the approval of Moscow. Whereupon Brown wrecked the meeting.

For years at Amsterdam he had been hamstrung and isolated in every effort to broaden the policies; sick of it, he was ready to quit. On the topic of intrigues he produced facts. He read a cablegram to himself when in Mexico received at the hour Mexico was ready to join the I. F. T. U.; it was from Oudegeest in Amsterdam and it asked "Why can't the Mexicans pay up first?" which made Morones and Mexico dismiss the I. F. T. U. with contempt. Then Brown read the letter dealing with Russia during the negotiations two years ago, begun by order of the 1924 I. F. T. U. congress. It was a confidential letter from Oudegeest to Jouhaux (circulated by error to Brown) giving the perfect picture of stand-patters coagulating against "outsiders." Mertens, Jouhaux, and Oudegeest were to prepare the reply to the Russians before "the Englishman Hicks" arrived. This sentence was in the letter: "Tomsky seems to desire to collaborate on a sincere basis; it is therefore time to attack him." Thus in one stroke a year's literature from Moscow seemed justified. That the congress could not forgive.

Oudegeest and Jouhaux denied it. After a day's grilling by the British in committee, Oudegeest admitted it. As the congress reassembled, he rose and resigned. The only veteran who had been at every international congress since the beginning of the century thus left the stage with unexpected drama.

Germany, the largest federation in the congress, resented Oudegeest's fall and set about getting Purcell's scalp. This meant either crowding out the British (and so wrecking the I. F. T. U.) or dictating to Britain the name of the British representative. For Purcell was the official nominee of British labor. The Germans therefore did the unprecedented thing, and nominated, beside their own German representative, George Hicks, present chairman of all British unions, as candidate against Purcell.

The British were aghast. Solemnly they warned that the fate of the I. F. T. U. was at stake by such maneuvering. When Germany proved resolute, the British delegation in a body marched out. A minute after they were notified that Hicks had been elected in their absence, with the virtual offer of being made president of the I. F. T. U. Apparently Britain had walked off, and been bounced back. They left Paris to put the whole question of staying in the I. F. T. U. before their own people.

At that hour so little was left of the I. F. T. U. that the congress did not dare attempt to elect officers or debate reports or do anything except decide to remove the headquarters—to Frankfort in Germany or possibly to Brussells—selling their building in Amsterdam. A commission of six national representatives was left in charge to pick up the pieces, to consider reorganization, or to congeal into the old stand-pat, if smaller, I. F. T. U. For the present all will await the decision of Britain.

Yet labor's league, with older and deeper roots than the Geneva league of governments, cannot avoid its destiny. The League of Nations evades without too great pain the objects of its charter, which would have to be met by fetching in Russia and America and proceeding to disarmament. Labor's league's habit of coming to grips with its basic object was, after all, what split it at Paris. Nobody knowing its history expects it to stay split and impotent. And if the British should happen to vote for leading a new organization now, there would be sudden concern among various governments which for the moment are smiling with satisfaction.

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